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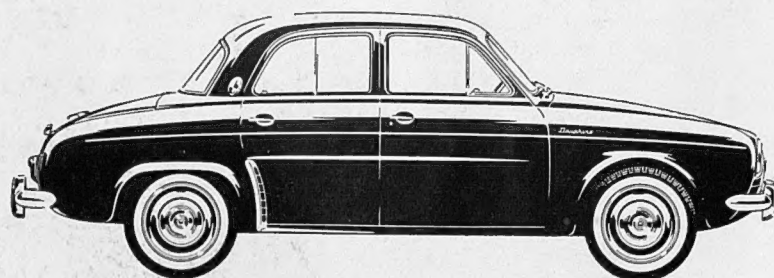
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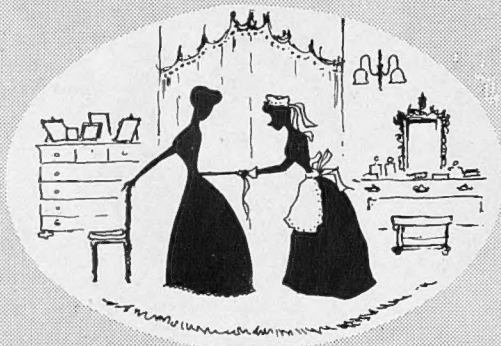
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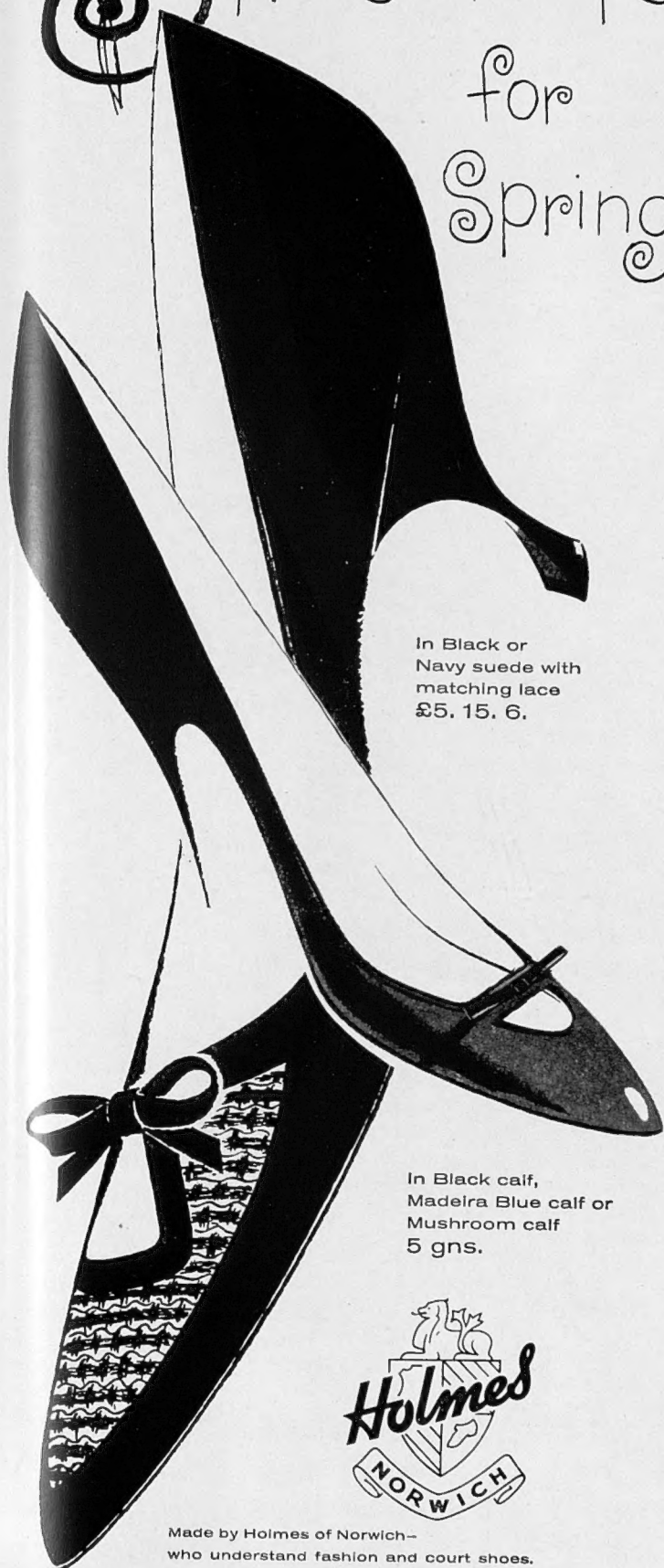
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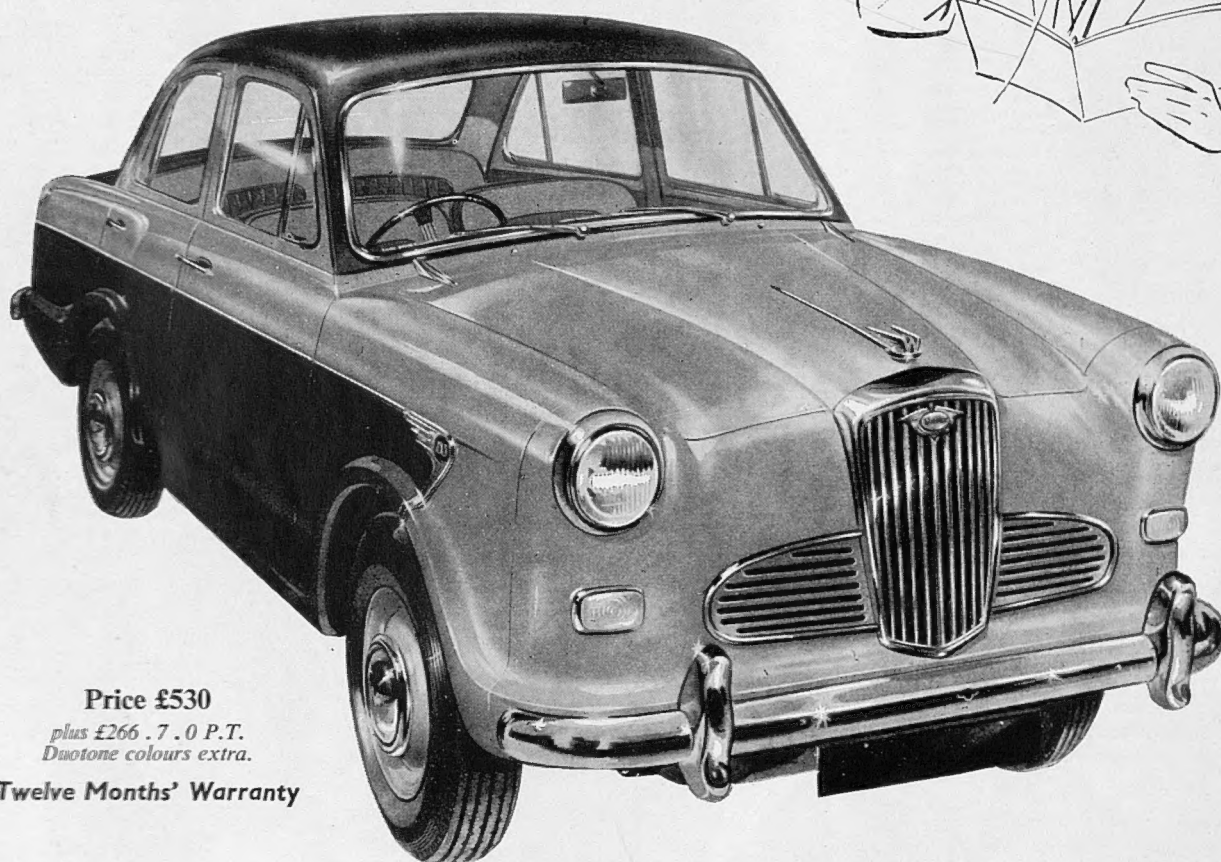
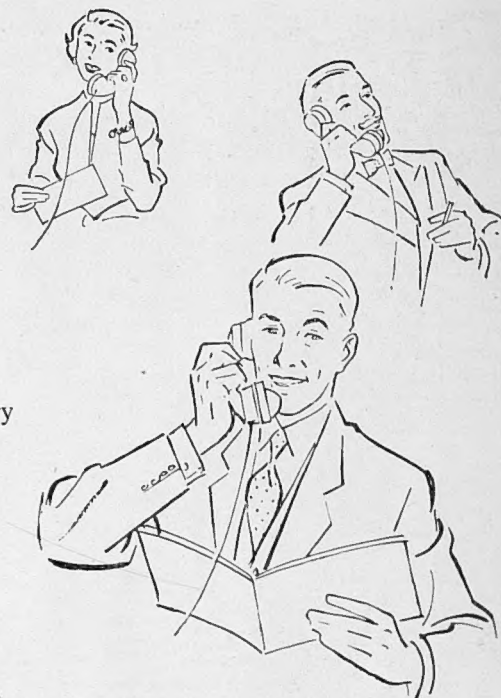
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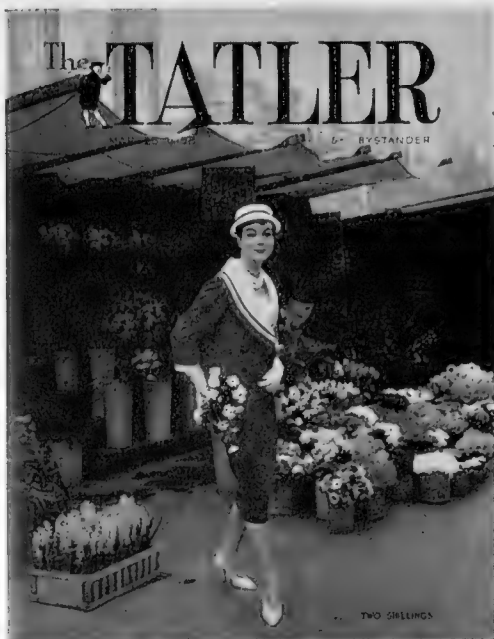
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THE FLOWER STALLS by the Madeleine are a colourful sight familiar to visitors to Paris. Here they provide a vivid setting to a no less striking piece of *haute couture*, a Christian Dior suit of fine navy-blue wool with a wide organdie collar trimmed with grosgrain. This is one of the models to be seen in the International Fashion Collection at Debenham & Freebody's this week. It can be copied there to customers' requirements

Diary of the week

FROM 27 MARCH TO 2 APRIL

THURSDAY 27 MARCH

Ballet: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret will attend the Royal Ballet Gala Performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund, 8 p.m.

Concert at the Royal Festival Hall by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Andrzej Panufnik. Hephzibah Menuhin will be the solo pianist, 8 p.m.

Point-to-Point: Pembrokeshire (Seoverton Fort). **Steeplechasing** at Liverpool and Stratford-on-Avon.

FRIDAY 28 MARCH

A Lecture on Africa is to be given by Serge Ricci in the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m. It is part of the Film Lecture Series on *The Exploration of the World*. **Steeplechasing** at Liverpool.

SATURDAY 29 MARCH

Rugby: The British Army will play the French Army at Twickenham.

Traditional run, the Crick run, will be held by Rugby School.

Bach Harpsichord Recital, in the Recital Room of the Royal Festival Hall, by Millicent Silver, 8.15 p.m.

Point-to-Points: Albrighton (Wilbrighton), Berkeley (Woodford), Hampshire (Hackwood Park), Oakley (Newton Bromswold), Puckeridge (Bishop's Stortford), Silverton

(Shobrooke), South Oxfordshire (Crowell), Taunton Vale Foxhounds (Jordans), Tickham (Lynsted).

Steeplechasing at Liverpool (the Grand National), and Hurst Park.

SUNDAY 30 MARCH

Concert of Sibelius music by the London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Royalton Kisch, in the Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 p.m.

MONDAY 31 MARCH

Squash: Men's Open Squash Championship at the Lansdowne Club.

Steeplechasing at Wye and Nottingham.

TUESDAY 1 APRIL

Point-to-Points: Dumfriesshire (Roberthill), Heythrop (Stow-on-the-Wold).

April Fools' Day Concert of works specially gathered for the occasion will be held in the Royal Festival Hall, 8.15 p.m.

Royal Visit: The Queen, Prince Philip, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra will attend the 40th anniversary dinner of the R.A.F. at Fighter Command H.Q., Stanmore, Middlesex.

Steeplechasing at Nottingham and Sandown Park.

WEDNESDAY 2 APRIL

An Organ Recital will be given by Andre Marchal at 5.45 p.m. in the Royal Festival Hall.

Steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

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Photographed by Peter Clark outside the Hotel Crillon, Paris.

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The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXVII. No. 2959

26 March 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



PERSONALITY

Future queen

PRINCESS BEATRIX was deputed to be the first person to welcome the Queen and Prince Philip on their arrival in Holland. The 20-year-old princess, heir to the Dutch throne, waited to go and meet them aboard *Britannia*, then escort them in a launch back to the quay where her mother, Queen Juliana—whom she so much resembles in both looks and outlook—and her father, Prince Bernhard, could give more formal greetings.

Princess Beatrix has been taking an increasing part in royal affairs in her country. Since she officially came of age on her 18th birthday two years ago, she has been entitled to sit as a member of the Council of State—roughly analogous to Britain's Privy Council—and to act as Regent in the absence of Queen Juliana.

Last month the princess undertook her most ambitious tour of duty, when she flew by KLM airliner to the Dutch West Indies. Her eager interest in new people and places

called to mind the lively visit of our own Princess Margaret to the neighbouring British West Indies.

There are several other parallels between the two Princesses; their love of horses and swimming, for example. Princess Beatrix is also a lover of music and art, and no mean sculptor; for Christmas two years ago she gave her father a carving she had made of a bison's head. Princess Beatrix, however, has had a broader education. Instead of a governess, she was sent to a progressive-type school and it was here that news of her love of helping others spread beyond her own family circle. When the wife of one of her teachers fell ill, the princess cycled to her house and did the washing up for her.

An astrologer declared at the princess's birth that she would have "a democratic disposition, mix with her people and have little appetite or time for Court conventions." It has proved an accurate forecast.

SOCIAL JOURNAL

The Gold Cup beats the snow

by JENNIFER

I GOT back from my trip to the Bahamas and the United States in time for the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham. Great disappointment was felt over the delay to the plane bringing the Queen Mother home from her round the world trip, causing her to miss this meeting, for which she had planned to stay with Captain Frank and Lady Avice Spicer at Spye Park.

The weather was icy. On the first day the start of racing was postponed for half-an-hour, to enable the ground to thaw through a little more, and on the second day it had to be stopped for half-an-hour before the fourth race as there was a heavy snowstorm! Happily, by Thursday, Gold Cup day, conditions had improved and there was even a touch of spring in the air. There were a great number of starters and really good racing throughout the meeting. The Irish horses once again carried off many of the prizes, winning eight of the eighteen races during the three days, with prize money around £8,000. North Country horses also did well, among their successes being the National Hunt Steeplechase won by Mrs. T. D. C. Dun's Spud Tamson, trained by her husband at Heriot in Berwickshire; and the Cheltenham Gold Cup which is the richest prize and always the highlight of the meeting. This was won by Mr. G. H. Moore's very game mare Kerstin, who is trained by Mr. C. Bewicke at Alnwick in Northumberland. Kerstin ran second to Linwell in this race last year. Her runner-up was the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie's good chaser Polar Flight who might have defeated Kerstin if he had not made a bad blunder at the water jump which took a lot out of him. Kerstin, who was bred in Ireland, is the first mare to win this race since 1925. The Foxhunters Challenge Cup, which is confined to amateur riders, also went to Northumberland, being won by that good hunter Whinstone Hill, so well known with the Percy Hounds, and ridden by his owner Mr. R. Brewis.

The course was doubly inspected

The Stewards of this meeting, the Marquess of Abergavenny (only just back in time from Nassau), Lord Grimthorpe, Sir John Carew Pole and Mr. Edward Paget, with the Clerk of the Course Mr. C. R. Wigney, had a wearying and worrying week. So uncertain was the weather that each morning they inspected the course at 7 a.m., and on two mornings again at 11 a.m., before any decision could be made as to whether racing could



SEEN AT CHELTENHAM:
Major Douglas Stirling-
Stuart, often a race
steward, with his daughter,
Mrs. V. Burdon



CELEBRITIES TAKE A HOLIDAY

Here are more pictures I brought back from the Bahamas where many famous personalities were on holiday. Above: publisher Lord Iliffe who is 81, with Lady Iliffe on the terrace of their Nassau residence.

take place or not. Attendances were greatly down on the first two days but there was a big crowd to see the race for the Gold Cup on the final day.

There was, as always, much entertaining in the private luncheon rooms and boxes at this meeting, and everyone seemed more grateful than ever this year for the hospitality of their friends which enabled them to keep out of the cold. Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn had his sister Lady Dora Dillwyn-Venables-Llewelyn and Vice-Admiral Sir Conolly and Lady Aldrich Smith, Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston, and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Wiggin with them in their box, and nearby Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw had his eldest daughter Mrs. Laurence Rook and a big party of friends in their box. Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, who have one of the high and roomy boxes and a luncheon room overlooking the paddock, were entertaining friends. These were Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, Mr. Dick Wilkins, Dr. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lawrence. The large Holland-Martin family, so well known in this part of the country, had a big party in their large corner box, which has such a splendid view over the whole course and paddock. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet and His Honour Judge Wylie, that great character from Dublin, and one of the best judges of a horse.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, the latter looking very attractive and well wrapped up in a mink coat, had a number of friends enjoying their box and luncheon room, including the Earl and Countess of Normanton, the latter very chic with a short nutria jacket over her suit, Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie and her daughter Miss Camilla Bellville, Commander and the Hon. Mrs. William Eykyn, Major Dermot Daly, the Hon. Mrs. Gwyn Morgan-Jones, and Mrs. Geoffrey Phipps Hornby. Lady Apsley was watching the racing from her box next door, and I saw masters of foxhounds the Duke of Beaufort, Col. James Hanbury from the Belvoir, Mr. William Pilkington and Captain Miles Gosling from the Bicester, Major Stanley Cayzer from the Warwickshire, and Mr. Bob Hoare from Norfolk who takes over the Cottesmore Hounds in May, with Mrs. Hoare.

Racegoers came from Ireland

Others I met racing included Earl and Countess Cadogan, their son Viscount Chelsea escorting Miss Jane Allday who looked exceptionally pretty, Viscountess Leverhulme, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Margaret Lady Glanusk, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Christian who had the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny staying with them, Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Tobolski, the latter in a lovely mink coat, who were staying with Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H., Mr. and Mrs. John Thomson who had a house party at Woodperry, and Brigadier and Mrs. Dominick Browne over from Ireland, as were the Earl and Countess of Fingall, who were disappointed that their horse could not run on the second day, Viscountess Bury, Major and Mrs. Edward Boylan, Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Macauley who had a runner, Mr. Eric Wood, Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth (who



Mr. John Diefenbaker was taking his first break since becoming Prime Minister of Canada last June. His wife was with him. There were many Canadians holidaying in Nassau, an accessible resort by air



Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell stopped off during a rapid business tour of North and South America. Mr. Campbell is an insurance broker. His wife was formerly Barbara Goalen, the top British fashion model



B.O.A.C. chairman, Sir Gerard d'Erlanger, and Lady d'Erlanger were the guests of Mrs. Frederick Sigris. Her granddaughter, child of Bobo (now Mrs. Gregg Juarez), was recently christened in Nassau Cathedral

became grandparents of a baby granddaughter on Gold Cup day), Captain and Mrs. Victor McCalmont and her brother Major Sutton, and Mrs. Wellman who won the Grand National with Quare Times.

Mrs. Kenneth Thornton was another warmly wrapped in a beautiful mink coat, and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Dick Russell and his cousin Mr. Jock Russell, Mr. Benjy Yeats-Brown, Mr. Garry Booth-Jones, who came with Captain John and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, Lord Crawshaw, Lady Jane Nelson, Col. and Mrs. Raoul Robin, Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Mr. Clive and Lady Barbara Bossom, the latter very attractive in a black hat and long red tweed coat, Lady Jean Christie and Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper looking at the horses together, Major Stirling-Stuart and his daughter Mrs. Burdon, Mrs. Brian Marshall who told me they had had a car smash on the slippery roads after the second day's racing.

Lady Cooper was there, also Lord and Lady Herbert staying with Lady Avic Spicer, the Hon. Mrs. Tony Samuel, Mrs. Eileen Herbert, the Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller and her fiancé Mr. Richard Berens, Col. "Buns" Cartwright, Mr. Jim Crewdson who has a nice house at Fairford, Mr. James and Lady Belinda Dugdale, Mrs. Bobby Petre, Mr. Simon Lycett Greene, Lord and Lady Norrie, Mrs. Jack Colling, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Baring, Mr. Vincent Routledge, Lady Mount, Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Major and Mrs. "Chris" Seymour, the Hon. Philip Kindersley, Mr. Nicko Collins, the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken and her sister Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, Mr. Oliver Gilbey who had a runner, Mr. and Mrs. William Scrimgeour, Comte and Comtesse de Pret Roose, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin and Lady Barber, and Mr. and Mrs. Killian Hennessy who came over from France to see her horse Mandarin run in the Gold Cup.

Shopping in New York

At the end of my brief stay in Nassau, I flew up in one of B.O.A.C.'s DC7Cs to New York for three days, during which time I managed to see quite a lot and meet a good many friends. On my first day I lunched at the Ambassadors on Park Avenue where Mr. Randolph Churchill came in to lunch; this was the day of his much publicised television appearance in New York. Later I went into that wonderful shop Saks, on Fifth Avenue, where among other familiar faces I saw Miss Kelly, so well known to many British visitors, in the stocking department. Then I went on to Mannacher Schlemmer on 57th Street to see what novelties they had for the home, and here I found Miss Aurora as busy as ever.

That evening, before going on to the opening of the exhibition of Sir Winston Churchill's paintings, I dined with Mrs. Edwin Hilson in her exquisitely furnished and really beautiful apartment on the twenty-ninth floor of the Waldorf Towers. Mrs. Hilson is very busy as chairman of a Gala Benefit performance of *The Entertainer*, starring Sir Laurence Olivier, at the Royale Theatre in New York, which is having such a brilliant success out there. The Gala is being given for the Hospital for Special Surgery, the oldest orthopaedic hospital in America. The present director of research at the hospital is Dr. Philip Duncan Wilson who organized an American hospital in England—at Basingstoke—during the war. The present surgeon-in-chief, Dr. T. Campbell Thompson, also worked in a hospital in England at that time. The British Ambassador and Lady Caccia, the British Consul-General Sir Hugh Stephenson and Lady Stephenson, Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Wendell Willkie are among those who have promised to attend the Gala performance and to go on to a small supper party Mrs. Hilson is giving in her apartment after the theatre.

Sir Winston conquers the U.S.

The opening of the Exhibition of Sir Winston Churchill's paintings, sponsored by the English-Speaking Union, was a very social evening in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The collection, which covers 40 years of his work, has already been shown in Kansas City and Detroit where it broke all records for attendance. After New York it will be shown in Texas, California and Canada. The pictures had been loaned by members of his family and American friends who are fortunate enough to own one or two. These include two former U.S. Ambassadors in London, Mr. Averell Harriman and Mr. Lewis Douglas, also Mr. Bernard Baruch, Mr. Henry Luce and Mr. Arthur Hays Sulzberger. The greatest interest seemed to be taken in his picture called "Tapestries at Blenheim," lent by his youngest daughter Mrs. Christopher Soames, while his still life so cleverly named "Bottle Scape" aroused much amusement, as it did when it was hung in a summer exhibition at the Royal Academy at Burlington House.

Among those present at the private view were the British Ambassador Sir Harold Caccia, our permanent representative to the United Nations



SEEN AT CHELTENHAM: Viscount Chelsea (second from right) who celebrated his coming-of-age earlier this week. With him (left to right): Mr. E. Sandell, Miss Jane Allday, and Col. F. E. Allday, vice-chairman of the Warwickshire Territorial Association. More Cheltenham pictures on middle pages

JENNIFER *continued*

Sir Pierson Dixon, Mr. Sherman Adams who is always referred to as President Eisenhower's right-hand man, Viscount Astor, Mr. William Burder, President of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, Mr. James Rorimer, head of the Cloister Galleries, Mr. Roland Redman, President of the Metropolitan Museum, Mr. Theodore Rousseau, Curator of the Metropolitan, Lady Mary Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. John Carras, Mr. Simon Elwees, Mr. and Mrs. Carmen Messmore, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, and Mrs. Peter Ustinov.

Next day I lunched with the lovely Mrs. Frank Wyman at her beautiful apartment on Park Avenue, which she has decorated and furnished with great taste; her husband was away on a business trip. That evening I went to a very gracious and delightful dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Stux-Rybar at his charming apartment on East Seventy-Second Street. Mrs. Stux-Rybar, who always entertains so beautifully at her Irish home Luttrellstown Castle, had arranged everything with perfection and looked most attractive in a short sea-green chiffon dress. Her guests included Princess Edmond Poniatowski who was shortly off to her home in Paris, that gracious and intelligent personality Mrs. William Woodward whose late husband was for many years chairman of the American Jockey Club. Also Mr. and Mrs. Hoving, he is President of Tiffanys and an expert on antique and modern silver, Mr. Charles Amory and his wife who looked lovely in white, Mrs. Charles Englehard, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Winston, the latter wearing a magnificent diamond necklace with a Chinese brocade dress, and as gay and amusing as ever, Mr. Jean Lambert, an inveterate traveller who told me he is planning to stay part of the summer near St. Jean de Luz, Monsieur de Meulemeester who is one of the Belgian representatives at the United Nations, Senhor "Punch" Muratura, Mr. Boissevain and Count Lanfranco Rasponi.

Our host, who is one of the leading interior designers in New York today, has decorated this apartment superbly. The bathrooms, one pale blue and the other in palest beige silk, are the most luxurious I have ever seen. Their small "snuggery" has a comfortable sofa and the upholstered chairs on swivels to make them easy to swing round to watch the television, which also has a radio gramophone above, both very cleverly concealed in a painted wall.

The kitchen is the last word in comfort and modern equipment. The beauty of the dining room, drawing room and bedrooms are beyond my powers of description. Mr. Stux-Rybar is now busy working on the decor of the banquetting rooms and ballroom of the Astor Hotel in New York.

Flying to Washington

The following day I flew down to lunch with friends in Washington—among them I saw the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Berkmeier, who were so beloved in London when he was Ambassador here, and the Italian Ambassador Signor Brosio, who was also Ambassador in London before going to Washington.

I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Cabot Coville—he was at the U.S. Embassy in London for some time—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. John Osborne who are all making their homes in Washington at present.

When I got back to New York that evening I went to the Metropolitan Opera where I saw the Italian Soprano Marcella Pobbe make her debut in a new and very lavish production of *La Boheme*, produced by Joseph Mankiewicz. Among other friends I met during my three-day stay, were three young Englishmen who are at present all working in New York—Mr. Torquil Norman, Mr. Richard Baker Wilbraham and Mr. Philip Darwin. Also Miss Belinda Gold, daughter of Mr. Michael Gold, who has also been working in America for the past year. Mr. Frank Gledhill was just off to join his wife at their home on Elenthra in the Bahamas, and I also saw Mrs. Edward Behn looking as pretty as a picture, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster paying her annual visit to her mother Mrs. Pat Wolfson, who is coming over to join her parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siegbert in London the first week in April, Mr. Vernon Crudge, as gay and amusing as ever, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cusick, Mr. Bob Stone, and Mrs. Alden Bodget and her son Dick. Mrs. Bodget is perhaps better known as Cornelia Otis Skinner, and has a busy schedule fulfilling television engagements.

I flew home from New York in time for Cheltenham in one of B.O.A.C.'s new long-range Britannias which at present only make the crossing each way once a week. This service is to be extended in the forthcoming months, directly B.O.A.C. get delivery of more machines. Then not only will they fly a service to New York, but also to other points of the United States including San Francisco, and eventually a long-range Britannia service to the Caribbean, too.

While I was in the U.S., I was interested to hear that B.O.A.C. have also ordered a number of the Boeing 707 pure jet air-liners, with Rolls-Royce engines, of which they hope to get delivery at the end of 1959, and into service during 1960. All those who have travelled so comfortably in the B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser (a Boeing aircraft) on the transatlantic service for some years, will be glad to think that in a couple of years they should be flying in the most up-to-date version of a Boeing.



EARL'S ENGINE The 39-year-old Earl of Lanesborough is to have a locomotive named after his ancestral home, Swithland Hall. He has a large model-railway layout there with nearly 400 ft. of track.



DANCER'S INSIGNIA Ballerina Alicia Markova went to Buckingham Palace to receive from the Queen the insignia of the C.B.E. She also dined with the Queen and Prince Philip earlier in the week.



NEWS PORTRAITS



Brodrick Haldane

HEIRESS'S HOME Miss Alikí Papastratos, heiress to the Greek Papastratos cigarette empire, is making her home in London following her recent marriage in Lausanne to shipowner John L. Goulandris.



Brodrick Haldane

QUEEN'S HORSE In his studio at Upend, near Newmarket, Mr. Lionel Hamilton-Renwick poses with his painting of the Queen's horse, Aureole. The Queen is lending this for his New York exhibition.



Karsh

PRINCE'S HEIR Cannonades and jubilation in Monaco greeted the birth of a son to Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, their second child. The baby boy ensures not only the succession of the Grimaldi family but, under treaty terms with France, the continued independence of the Principality.



The amateur-professional scratch foursomes at Wentworth start the golf season. Above: Mr. J. S. Walker (Verulam), a Civil Servant, and Mr. Ben Shelton, the Ashridge professional



There was a record entry this year of 102 couples, including Mr. G. H. Micklem (Sunningdale), the Walker and Ryder cups selector, and his partner Mr. R. W. Horne (Hendon)



Most of the leading British players competed. Two of them: Mr. G. Elliott (Sunningdale) and his partner Mr. Max Faulkner (Selsey), the Ryder Cup player and ex-Open Champion



Mrs. M. F. Bonallack, a golfer herself, watching her husband practising before his first round match. The competition was won by W. A. Slark (Walton Heath) and R. P. Mills (Pinner Hill)



Mr. Jack Wilkshire (Crompton & Royton), Mr. John Jacobs (Sandy Lodge), his partner Mr. J. J. F. Pennink (R. Ashdown Forest), and Mr. G. Whitehead (Swinton Park)



Mrs. W. Q. Fitzgerald, Mr. E. P. Goodwin (R. Cinque Ports)
Mrs. Page and Mr. T. D. Page (R. Cinque Ports)



Last year's winners, Mr. A. Lees (Sunningdale) and Mr. S. B. Wolstenholme (Kirby Muxloe)

GOLF

The foursomes at Wentworth

GLIDING

A ball in Park Lane



To raise funds for sending a British team to Poland a ball was organized. The Volk Cup was received by Mrs. Evie Deane-Drummond (left) on behalf of her husband, Lt.-Col. A. J. Deane-Drummond, from Mme. B. Tomorwicz



The ball, held at Londonderry House, was run by the British Gliding Association. Above, Miss Ursula Schmiedt with Mr. Malcolm Ward, an Oxford undergraduate



Before a painting of Wellington and his generals were Mr. J. R. Bonham, his wife, who is B.G.A. secretary, Mr. B. Meads, the treasurer, Mrs. Meads, Mr. Philip Wills, chairman of the Association, and Mme. C. Dega, wife of the Polish Air Attache



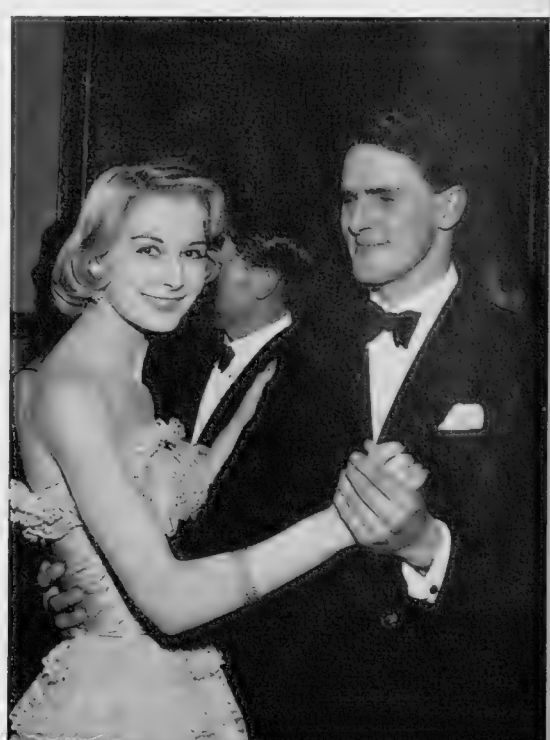
Mr. J. K. Rushton, chief technician of Slingsby Sailplanes, talked with Mrs. Lorne Welch, non-flying captain of the British team, her husband, who is an engineer, and Mr. J. C. Reussner, chairman of the Yorkshire Gliding Club



Desmond O'Neill
Miss Ann Middleton, who is in the production department of a television company, danced with Mr. David Hill, a farmer

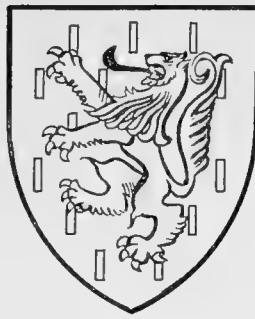


Mr. Ken Owen, a journalist member of the London Gliding Club, and his wife examined some of the trophies as they danced past



Miss Sandra Paul, a model, and Capt. David Hill. At midnight a cabaret was given by B.G.A. members

Ties between the Houses of Stuart & Orange-Nassau



William the Silent
Prince of Orange
b.1533 d.1584

Frederick Henry
Prince of Orange
b.1584 d.1647

Amélie de Solmes

Charles I
King of England
b.1600 d.1649

James II
King of England
b.1633 d.1701

1659
Anne Hyde
b.1627 d.1671

Mary
b.1631 d.1660

1641
William II
Prince of Orange
b.1626 d.1650

1677
Mary II
Queen of England
b.1662 d.1694

William III
Prince of Orange
King of England
b.1650 d.1702

ROYAL VISIT TO HOLLAND

THE ROYAL DYNASTIES of Britain and Holland united temporarily when William, Prince of Orange ruled as William III of England. But he died childless and the House of Orange descended through John, a brother of William the Silent. The arms shown are those of Orange-Nassau. They appeared in the coat-of-arms of William III

How ancestry links two queens

by L. G. PINE

QUEEN ELIZABETH I of England was offered the Crown of Holland by the ancestors of the present inhabitants. They were then engaged in a desperate struggle to free themselves from the rule of Philip II of Spain. Had Gloriana accepted the offer, the rule of England's royal house over the seven provinces now known as Holland would not have been more strange than the destiny which made Orange the name of the Netherlands royal family.

For what at the first view has Orange to do with the Low Countries? Orange is a small town in Provence, 13 miles north of Avignon, and is the ancient Arausio. In 105 B.C. it acquired an unpleasant fame by the destruction there of a great Roman army at the hands of the Cimbri and Teutones. Later, in Rome's palmy days, Arausio was renowned for vast monuments, a triumphal arch and a theatre which are still shown to the archaeological tourist.

Then, in the dark aftermath of the Roman Empire, Orange gradually grew into a Countship. It was a little city-state, like so many in the Middle Ages, with a strong castle on a hill. There were three lines of counts between 793 and 1544. The last of these, the house of Chalon, allied itself with the Counts of Nassau, in the German Rhineland. The last Prince of Chalon was Rene, known as Nassau Chalon, whose mother was Claude de Chalon, and whose father was Henry, Count of Nassau.

When Rene died in 1544 he left Orange (by now elevated into a Principality) to his first cousin, the famous William the Silent, then a boy of only 11; Rene also bequeathed to his cousin rich possessions in the Netherlands. Thus it happened that William the Silent who was born a German, and spent his boyhood in his father's castle of Dillenburg, on the Dill, a tributary of the Lahn, became Prince of Orange in southern France, and a great Netherlands nobleman. William's most facile language was French, but

he was not a Frenchman, nor yet a Dutchman, and the disunited state of Germany hardly enabled him to be called a German. With such a heterogeneous hotch-potch of nationalism around him, William was well qualified to found the Dutch royal line.

Royal marriages of course are the key to understanding Europe's frontiers. A state used to change its sovereignty on the marriage of its prince's daughter. Thus the Low Countries were the sport of all sorts of dynastic alliances right up until modern times. Belgium was ruled in turn by Spaniards, Austrians, French and Dutch before becoming independent in 1831. Similarly the dynastic principle allowed every Balkan country as it was freed from Turkey to have a royal family of its own—a younger son of a Germanic kingdom. The royal house of Greece is Danish; hence Prince Philip's close connection with Denmark which also provided one of his forerunners as a Prince Consort in Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne. The House of Sardinia and Savoy became sovereign of a united Italy, and the son of a French lawyer was adopted by the last of the Vasa kings and founded the royal Bernadottes of Sweden.

The case of the Netherlands is even more curious. Some monarchies, our own included, are described as veiled republics. The House of Orange has been not inaptly called a monarchy disguised as a republic. It certainly was during the early part of its history. William the Silent was at first a Catholic and a noble feudatory of Philip II. He acquired his nickname not through habitual taciturnity but by reason of his caution on a memorable occasion. He discovered a plot by the sovereigns of France and Spain bloodily to suppress Protestantism in their dominions. Instead of blurting out the facts and being himself the first victim, William waited until he could safely reach the Netherlands. He then put himself at the head of the resistance movement,

went into rebellion against Spain, and led it to eventual success until in 1584 he was murdered by an agent of the Spanish king.

During this troubled time the Principality of Orange was virtually lost to its Prince. The descendants of William the Silent continued to be the legal rulers of Orange and to maintain a precarious connection with it. But Orange being surrounded on all sides by French territory it was easy for the French king to occupy it and oppress the Protestant inhabitants. "My poor little Principality of Orange" was the mournful remark of William III of Orange. He had good reason. Thanks to the tyranny of Louis XIV, William of Orange never saw Orange. He was its last prince and by the Treaty of Utrecht it was given up to France in 1713.

Meanwhile in the Netherlands the house of Orange preserved the name. In gratitude to the Orange family the Dutch people granted to the Prince of Orange the office of Stadtholder in hereditary possession. The Stadtholder's office was elective but it thus became permanent and the Orange holders of it were numbered as in other European regnal lines. Holland although nominally a republic in the 17th and 18th centuries was in reality under the rule of a hereditary government. It is almost as if one could imagine Theodore Roosevelt and F. D. Roosevelt being numbered I and II in the list of U.S.A. Presidents and the Presidency becoming hereditary in the Roosevelt family.

During the times of hereditary Stadtholdership, many links were forged with the English royal line. William II of Orange, grandson of William the Silent, married the eldest daughter of Charles I of England. The Princess Mary was only 17 at the time and William II died two years after the marriage.

So the future William III of England was brought up by his mother in very difficult circumstances. Holland was continually threat-

ened by France and in England the boy's grandfather had been executed by Cromwell. William of Orange was, however, one of the great characters of the 17th century. To Lord Macaulay he appeared so great that all his contemporaries were pygmies in comparison. Anyway, at an early age William asserted himself as Stadtholder, and curbed the French. He married Mary the eldest daughter of our James II who was his first cousin. Thus he had Charles I for his grandfather, Charles II and James II for his uncles, and the last for his father-in-law as well. William was married to the heiress to the English throne, and brother-in-law and first cousin to the future Queen Anne. The dynastic complications did nothing to lessen the religious and political differences. The uncle father-in-law James II detested his nephew-son-in-law, William. The latter viewed James with calm detachment. In due course William with his wife Mary would succeed James on the English throne. Then in 1688 James's second wife presented him with a son. This was the famous "prince in a bedpan" because James's enemies accused him of smuggling a foundling into the palace. Agitation against James rose to great heights. Within six months of the boy's birth, William of Orange had landed and James was in exile. There was an elaborate comedy, whereby William connived at James's escape, for the last thing he wanted was to have his father-in-law a prisoner.

William and his wife were crowned jointly in April 1689 as William III and Mary II, equally sovereign. William cared little for England. He was the Prince of Orange-Nassau, and let his new subjects know it. His aims in England were to use English power to build up resistance to Louis XIV. Just as he had achieved this he died as a result of his horse stumbling over a molehill. His enemies toasted "the little gentleman in velvet" and squeezed a rotten orange.

It was Napoleon who was responsible for making the veiled monarchy of Holland into a real one. He set up his brother Louis as King and treated the Dutch so harshly that on Napoleon's fall, the Stadtholder William V was able to land in Holland. He soon proclaimed himself as William I, King of the Netherlands. He was the grandson of a British princess, the Princess Royal, daughter of George II. In this way our own royal family and the House of Orange are cousins several times removed. It was natural and right for Queen Wilhelmina at the crisis of the war in 1940 to seek shelter in the realm of her kinsman, George VI.

The assumption of the kingly title by William I in 1813 was recognized by the famous "dancing" Congress of Vienna. Queen Wilhelmina was his great-grandchild and as her half-brothers were all dead, she was, in 1890 when her father died, the last of the House of Orange. By a curious turn of fate the representation of Orange has continued through the female line. Queen (now Princess) Wilhelmina (she abdicated in her daughter's favour in 1948) married Duke Henry of Mecklenburg Schwerin. They had an only child, the present Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, whose husband is Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Beisterfeld. They have four daughters, so the position of Prince (Consort) of the Netherlands looks like becoming a permanency. Orange and Windsor are intertwined not only by dynastic propinquity (they have many cousinships through Germany and Scandinavia) but by the ties of common endurance for freedom in 1939-45. Arnhem is appropriately in the land of the freedom-loving Seven Provinces.



OLD AND NEW in the Dutch landscape is illustrated by the traditional windmill and a modern housing estate (outside Rotterdam). Holland still has the tulips, canals and windmills beloved by tourists, but post-war building and industrial expansion is among the most advanced in Europe

The Netherlands —old and new

OLD AND NEW in Dutch art is contrasted by the futuristic sculpture (right) and the famous Rembrandt from the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam (below). Still misnamed *The Night Watch* this painting was found after a recent cleaning to represent a late-afternoon scene. The statue, by Zadkine, stands in Rotterdam and symbolizes a city risen again after having its heart torn out by Nazi bombing





A corner in every foreign field

by MONJA DANISCHEWSKY

WHILE the editorial columns of our newspapers continue to speculate on visits to the moon, the more practical advertisement columns invite us to seek the sun. This is the season of preparation, and on both sides of the Channel, preparations are being made for the annual invasions of visitors. On our side, it is a matter mostly of dusting those grim commandments which, conspicuous on the walls, welcome the stranger to our hotels. Thou shalt not. . . Thou shalt not have breakfast in thy bedroom. . . Thou shalt not have dinner after seven o'clock. . . Thou shalt not talk to thy neighbour. . . Thou shalt not commit music. . . and, on Sundays, simply: *Thou shalt not.*

Across the water a more conciliatory policy is pursued. Even now, all over France, Italy and Spain—whether it be in the glittering Hotel Gilbert Harding in the Champs-Élysées or the inn remembered by Miranda in the High Pyrenees; whether it be in that hotel we found on the shore of Lake Como, the facade of which an Italian architect had faithfully copied from the sea front at Folkestone; or that amusing *pension* in Majorca run by that English couple gone so native—everywhere good, dedicated cooks are learning to cook English food badly in order to make *their* visitors feel at home. What an unrealistic old sentimentalist was Hilaire Belloc:

And the wine that tasted of the tar?
(And the cheers and the jeers of the young
muleteers
Under the dark of the vine verandah)
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda. . .

Of course she remembered it. But not as the poet imagined. Didn't they brew a pot of tea there better and stronger than anywhere else in France? Except, perhaps in the English Tea Rooms in the rue de Rivoli; but then there were always such *queues*. . .

Two or three years ago, my wife and I, ensnared by the promise of a free holiday combined with the writing of a script for The Film That Never Was, made the Grand European Tour in the manner of today. As 100 years ago, so today the English milord still careers all over the Continent in his own coach. It is no longer horse-drawn, and 34 other milords and miladies share the coach with him—but the most remarkable feature of the tour is the traditional and elaborate re-creation abroad of the domestic scene. And, especially, of the domestic cuisine. There are, one is bound to admit, occasional lapses. Once on our journey we stopped in a small *albergo* where there was, unexpectedly, a lunch truly of the country—and excellent—awaiting us. On the whole we all took in good part this whimsical assault on our insularity. Most of us even finished it. But there was one dissent-

ing voice: "Ah shall have soomthing to saay about this when we get back," it declaimed darkly in our ear, "and when it cooms to food ah know what ah'm talking about. Ah'm *in* indoostrial caatering mahself. . ."

Strange, isn't it, how much behind the times are these organizers of the Grand Tours and their collaborators abroad? Without their being any the wiser, a social revolution has taken place in Britain beside which that Russian experiment seems timid and tentative reform. Gone from the English kitchen are the spotted dog puddings,



THE ROUNDAABOUT AUTHOR this week is known to the few as a brilliant after-dinner speaker and to the many as the producer of *Whisky Galore!*, for which he has now written the screenplay of a sequel

the treacle tarts, the roly polies, the shepherds' pies, the toads in the hole. It is the pastas, the pizzas, and the piperonis of Old England that make us what we are today. We stagger home from the dining recesses, the dinettes or the contemporary kitchens of our friends heavy with shaschliks, strudels and schnitzels. But *never* Irish schews. The other day a friend's table was set with chopsticks. We didn't turn a hair.

This revolution has been caused by the elimination from the native scene of the native domestic servant. Parker the butler, Hoskins the maid, Mrs. Browning the cook, and Nanny are no longer with us. They have been replaced by the Pepitas, the Perditas, the Giovannis, the Marios and the Marias. And, of course, those enchanting *au pairs* (Baby Walking in the Morning, Political Economy in the Afternoon and Baby Sitting at Night) who are not very *strong*, and not very domesticated *actually*, but such sweet girls to have around the house. In our own succession of Ginas and Trudies, my wife found one who played the zither. "I used to ask her to play while I did the floors; it seemed to make the work go so much quicker."

At the risk of appearing immodest, I should add that my own family has a long record of pioneering in this respect. Nearly 40 years ago

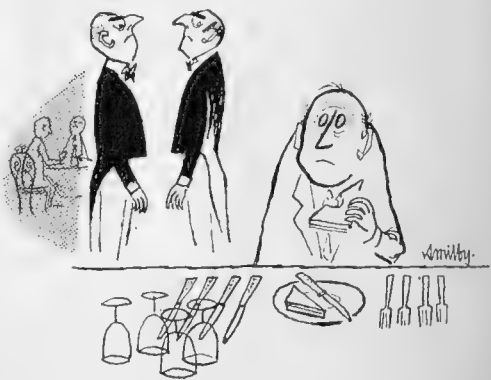
my mother scored a bull's eye with a Russian cook called Anastasia (no, no relation) who for more than a year delighted us children by coming back from town on her afternoons off, laden with gifts for us that were obviously to the value of double her weekly wage. It never occurred to us, in our innocence, that the only way in which she could bridge this economic gap was by shop-lifting, and we were all very sorry when she was deported. Anastasia had a heart of gold. My wife and I were also what might be termed premature anti-Mrs. Beetonites. Before the war we had an Estonian of our very own. In those days, our eldest child was lulled to sleep by a song so haunting that my wife learned the tune and took down the words phonetically. It was a contemporary lullaby we discovered, and it fell into disuse at home when my wife got the lyrics literally translated.

Sleep my child, sleep my pretty,
God will guard your sleep.
Your mother is a night-club hostess—
Who doesn't sleep at night.
Day and night, her life's a struggle,
She shames the name of love,
In order that she can bring you up—
To be an honest woman.

It was useless reassuring my wife that nothing personal was intended. Ahead of her time, she believed that our daughter might be subliminally influenced into a frightful Mother Complex.

Well, it is only one naturalized Briton's opinion, but this revolution is okay by me. Not only is the gastronomical change a welcome one, but it is turning us into a nation of linguists and it is bringing colour and glamour into our drab old homes. Did I say glamour? Our dear friend Googie Withers got hold of a Hungarian treasure once, who served at table in dresses so décolleté that it was almost impossible to get the male guests to follow the conversation.

And if you miss the Roast Beef of Old England—well, why not have your holiday abroad this year?





In July the Empire Games are being held at Cardiff, and an Appeal to support English entries was launched at a reception at the Simpson Services Club, Piccadilly. Above: Mr. John Profumo, Under-Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, Earl Beatty and Dr. S. L. Simpson, chairman of the firm



Lady Abrahams, wife of Sir Adolphe Abrahams, the surgeon, who was Medical Officer for British Olympic teams from 1912 to 1948, with Mrs. Harold Abrahams, wife of the runner, and Sir Arthur Porritt, the surgeon and athlete, once captain of the New Zealand Olympic team

An Empire Games reception



Lady Braithwaite, wife of Sir Albert Braithwaite, M.P. for West Harrow; she is chairman of the Appeals Committee of the St. John Ambulance. With her: Major A. Huskisson, O.B.E., managing director of Simpson

Mr. John Disley, the athlete, with his wife Miss Sylvia Cheesman, who ran for England in the Olympic Games



Col. A. D. C. Macaulay, secretary of the All-England Tennis Club, with Mr. K. S. Duncan, general secretary of the Appeals Committee. Details of the Games, and the London Welcome Week to follow, were given

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Denis Truscott, talking to Mrs. S. L. Simpson, wife of the chairman of Simpson

A. V. Swaabe



This could be retitled: How
to get better service
without actually suing for damages

Confessions of an awkward customer

by LEONARD LEATHEM

IT was roughly oval in shape, but too irregular and too early to be an Easter Egg. "In that parcel," my wife said, "is a rotten potato. I'm sending it back to the growers." She went on to explain that 2 lb. of her last 5 lb. bag from the supermarket were bad, and she had decided to try my technique of *writing to the managing director*.

There was another parcel. "That," said my wife, "contains a tin of peas. The last three tins I ordered were wrongly labelled, and I've written to the boss of the firm suggesting he might like to introduce the people who put the vegetables in the tins to the people who stick on the labels."

I was delighted by this show of spirit, because I have for years felt rather lonely in my struggle for a counter revolution. Besides, I am pretty scornful of the organizations now springing up to



protect us customers. Organized shopmanship, with jolly little magazines to give us a sense of being under the counter, is all very well, but we veterans of the Resistance Movement prefer to operate alone.

I'm a terrible bore at parties when I start on my reminiscences as a Militant Consumer, but I like to think they may win a convert or two to the cause of the Turning Worms. Of course, I don't always win my battles, but my failures are nearly always due to lack of application. The fight requires time and huge reserves of nervous energy; and, sometimes, after the first fencing reply to my complaint of shoddy goods or bad service, I fail to press on to the *coup de grace*.

I prefer to dwell on my victories. There was the Sale-Price Coat, for example. I agreed to buy a ready-made overcoat which had been heavily reduced. While the assistant was wrapping it up I saw the manager speaking to him. The assistant came over to me and said he was sorry but there had been a mistake. The coat had been wrongly marked, and the proper price was three guineas more than the ticket had been proclaiming to the world. "Good afternoon," I said, breathing heavily.

I brooded on this episode for the rest of the day. I was annoyed at missing a coat that fitted

me perfectly, but I was consumed with ill-will towards the manager for skulking in the back-ground, instead of offering me his personal apologies for the ineptitude of his company. Still breathing heavily, I *wrote to the managing director*. I told him a foreigner might assume it was a regular practice of English trade to attract custom with false prices. I got rather worked up: I said the experience reminded me of life in the Oriental bazaars; I said the whole incident was tantamount to fraud; I said, could I please have the coat at the price originally quoted to me?

The managing director wrote me a stuffy reply, but, gracelessly, he agreed to let me have the coat at the price marked on the ticket. To score full marks in this game, however, you must also *get an apology*. I wrote again, therefore, telling the M.D. that his business, like all others, depended on confidence and goodwill; he had restored my confidence but not my goodwill. I said I was not impressed by his references to "the human element," and I said he would be more likely to keep his customers if, now and then he said he was sorry. My wife commented sardonically: "You want jam on it." I got the jam: a humble apology from the M.D. who hoped I would continue to honour his company with my esteemed orders, &c.

My most recent success concerns a carpet I ordered. It was only a cheap one but it had to be made to measure. It arrived three weeks later. After spending a couple of hours humping furniture out of the way and dragging up the existing tatters, we finally unwrapped the huge parcel. It was the wrong carpet.

I wrote a firm but civil letter to the helpful assistant who had served me and had ordered the pattern I wanted. I sent a copy to the managing director with a covering letter phrased much more vigorously. After a paragraph or two of tartness, including a quotation from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I ended with the punch line: "May I have my carpet within a week, please!" I only put this in out of devilment. Anything not in stock, I find, always takes three weeks to reach the customer. The right carpet (docile customers, kindly note) turned up in *three days*.

Within minutes of reading my letter, the M.D. had gone to work on his staff. I had a torrent of telephone calls from the Department Manager, the Merchandise Manager and other senior administrators. The M.D. himself wrote two friendly and very self-critical letters. One Macaulayean passage ran: "Thank you for your kind allusion to Mr. Jones: it has been passed on to him with the same impartiality with which the superiors in his department have been admonished."

Hardened campaigner though I am, I was almost disarmed by this V.I.P. treatment.

Almost. But when it was all over, I found myself wondering why I had had to have summit talks before getting what I wanted, and getting it quickly.

Yes, I do want jam on it. At the moment I am explaining to a vacuum cleaner company how its customers ought to be treated. This is a promising little skirmish because the enemy leaders are being off-hand and disingenuous. I have a number of well-tryed weapons for dealing with this sort of opposition. Jam tomorrow, perhaps, but jam I shall get, even if I am myself reduced to pulp in the process.

Fellow-campaigners who are determined to have efficient service may be interested in my own battle-drill:

1. Make sure you have an absolutely brass-bound case before you write to the managing director and see that he is addressed by name.
2. Don't be fobbed off with a reply from a lesser executive.
3. Don't accept an explanation that answers minor points but ignores the chief complaint.
4. Insist on a wholehearted apology.
5. In battles with the nationalized industries always begin your letters: "Sirs: Before I take up this matter at a political level..." (Any citizen can ask his M.P. to put down a parliamentary question if all else fails.)
6. Don't use any personal or official influence you may have with the concern (that's cheating).
7. Be magnanimous in your final acknowledgement of mistakes quickly corrected.

"Goodness, how pompous!" exclaimed my wife when she read my campaigning principles. Later she added: "I had two charming letters this morning. There was one from the potato man who is sending me a new bag of potatoes; and one from the pea man who is sending me three tins of peas. What's more, *they both said they were glad I had written to them.*"





Miss Dominie Riley-Smith

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith, of Loxwood, Sussex, she was chosen recently by couturier Pierre Chardin to model his designs at the Berkeley Debutante Dress show to be held in April to aid the N.S.P.C.C.



F. J. Goodman

Miss Teresa Hayter

Only daughter of Sir William Hayter, the diplomat, and Lady Hayter. Miss Hayter was born in China, and has travelled extensively. She will go to Oxford in October to Lady Margaret Hall, and will study modern Russian



Yevonde

Miss Jane Mander

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Mander, of Cherry Wick, Harpenden, Herts. She finished her education in Paris. Since her return she has been doing a secretarial course. Her mother gives a cocktail party for her in June



Yevonde

Miss Belinda Bucknill

Eldest daughter of Mrs. Michael Webster, and the late Capt. A. Bucknill of The Vale, Windsor Forest. She is having a dance given for her in July. Recently she has returned from Florence, where she has been studying art and languages

The last Presentations

At Buckingham Palace last week three historic functions were held. In future years debutantes will only be presented to the Queen if they are invited to one of the Garden Parties. On this page are some of the girls who attended the last of the Presentation Parties



Yevonde

The Hon. Belinda Hewitt

Second daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Lifford of Field House, Hursley, Winchester. She has been studying in Paris



Vane

Miss Caroline Thompson Hancock

Younger daughter of Dr. P. E. Thompson Hancock, the physician, of Welbeck Street, and stepdaughter of Mrs. Hancock



Yevonde

Miss Jane Durant

Daughter of Capt. Bryan Durant, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Durant of 12 Pelham Place, Alton, Hants, and Whitehall Court

Les pompiers to the rescue

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

A CHARMING little old lady stepped into the lift on the fourth floor. It was a tiny, triangular affair tucked away in a corner; a modern after-thought to a building, that dated from the years when Baron Haussmann tidied up Paris, and when Parisians were still accustomed to use their legs. The old lady had silvery hair and a delicate complexion, giving an impression of fragility that hardly accorded with the determined way she managed the gates and extended a peremptory forefinger to the press-button for the ground floor.

"One moment, madame, I beg of you!" boomed a voice, and a hearty housewife, complete with string bag containing "empties," appeared on the landing. The old lady stood aside and the newcomer entered. Again the gates opened and closed. With a whine the lift started on its downward course. The ladies smiled politely at one another... but for a moment only. With a sickening jolt the car shuddered and stopped. The hearty housewife screamed. It was a hearty scream! Something seemed to be falling on the roof of the car. It was a strange noise, rather like the flapping of a wet sheet in the wind, but it ceased quickly. The hearty woman screamed again, but this time it was a powerful yell for help. The concierge dashed up from below, the tenants from other floors crowded on the stairs, excitement ran high. S O S calls went out from a dozen telephones.



Police secours and the fire brigade arrived together. In the lift the hearty woman wept, the fragile lady, who looked rather pale, accepted a lump of sugar in a teaspoonful of cognac. It was while handing it up to her that the cause of the trouble was discovered. An empty bottle of mineral water had slipped from the housewife's string bag and, passing through the latticed gate, had jammed against the floor of the landing and acted as a brake. The cable actioning the lift had been jerked off the pulley by the shock, and had fallen into the shaft; it followed that the lift was now poised in mid-air, held miraculously

by the bottle alone. For several hours the firemen laboured to fix an emergency girder that would hold the lift, permit the removal of the bottle and allow the opening of the gate. When at last this was done the ladies emerged, somewhat shaken but game. The firemen removed their helmets and mopped their brows. Refreshment was offered and accepted by all! The frail old lady smiled at the young fireman, who, with amazement, was examining the *corpus delicti*. The cause of the trouble was not even cracked! The old lady chuckled as she scrunched the last morsel of brandied sugar with which she had been plentifully supplied. "This is almost what one might call a 'bottle party,' is it not, *mon brave*?" she murmured demurely.

Two records were broken—by the weather and by the price of seats—at the 28th annual Gala of *l'Union des Artistes* on a Saturday night. (It would be more truthful to say "Sunday morning" but it makes me feel somewhat self-conscious to write about galas happening on a Sunday!) Never has there been such cold weather and never has there been such a demand for seats. The house was sold out two months ago and late comers were willing to pay 10,000 francs for sitting space on the steps leading up between the stalls to the circle and boxes. This gala, that has become a function, takes place at the *Cirque d'Hiver* after the usual Saturday evening audience leaves at midnight; the circus



Glimpses of the



TENNIS: The International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain beat Monte Carlo Country Club 2-1 in their annual match at Monte Carlo. Left: Lord Rothermere and Lord Mexborough in play. They lost. Above: Mrs. B. Lindsay-Fynn, Mr. Nigel Sharpe and Mrs. E. Wittman. Below: Mr. Allan Kendall of Australia, Mr. Eric C. Peters and Mr. V. Landau of Monaco





BRIGGS

must then be aired and tidied, which means that this year the gala crowd cooled its heels in half a foot of snow, while waiting for the last piece of orange peel to be swept up and the doors opened. The only excuse the gala crowd has for its foolishness, is that the show is quite a show, and the millions it makes go to the coffers of the "Actors Home." The millions are in francs of course, but even so they help towards new blankets and necessary repairs!

The performers on this occasion are famous stars of the stage and screen, who appear in circus turns, having trained for weeks for just this one performance. In the past we have seen some amazing feats of skill, courage and endurance, but the other night there were more "tricks" than feats . . . exception made for Brigitte Auber, whose daring exploits on a trapeze, swinging from the uttermost top of the Big Top, gave us agonizing moments of fear,

lest the very clever young actress should break her pretty neck. When Paul Meurisse, who has forsaken the screen for the Comedie Francaise locked Helene Perdriere (also of the C-F) into a trick box and proceeded to saw her in two, we were not more impressed than she was herself; neither were we nervous when Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner, who both had a great reception, presented some embarrassingly mannerless elephants and Jean Marais, wearing the brass-buttoned tail coat of the Ring Master, put 12 magnificent horses through their paces. Serge Lifar then took over, after borrowing the long lashed whip that is the Ring Master's staff of office, in order to present his troupe of *petits rats*. Why the enchanting, baby pupils of the Grand Opera House *corps de ballet* should be known as "little rats" I have never been able to understand. Anyway, whatever they are called, at two o'clock on Sunday morning, they

all should have been in bed. The same remark applies to Minou Drouet. This gifted infant turns up at every festivity; her foster mama certainly believes in teaching the young idea how to shoot in the jungle of *Tout Paris* and Minou apparently thrives despite her unconventional upbringing.

It was almost dawn when the gala closed with the drawing of the lottery, that is famous for its valuable prizes. Gina Lollobrigida, who had flown from Rome for the occasion, conscientiously shuffled the numbers before dipping into the bag, and then occurred a few moments of suspense. . . . The beautiful Italian star's accent, in French, is charming but far from perfect. When she read out the first winning number (the prize was a car) there were shrieks of joy from several ticket holders. Each one had understood the figures differently and the joy turned to wailings and gnashing of teeth!

by Graham

social round in Monte Carlo and in Paris

F. J. Goodman



PARTNERS in the musical comedy *The King & I*, Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner appeared together again at the annual gala in Paris at the Cirque d'Hiver. All the stars perform an act outside their normal repertoire. Yul Brynner was ringmaster in an act with elephants

NOW living in Paris is Mme. Arnaud Faure, who recently married M. Faure in Bellosguardo, Florence. Their home is in the avenue Victor Hugo. She is the youngest daughter of Signor Romano Romanelli, the Italian sculptor. Through her mother, the former Miss Dorothy Hayter, she is a kinswoman of Sir William Hayter, formerly British Ambassador in Moscow





A FINE HOUSE, built in 1717 by Huddleston, stands in Chelsea's Cheyne Walk. The front, adorned with a sundial (below left) and with plaques of Sir Thomas More and Erasmus, looks out on to the Thames. The back gives on to a garden that was once part of the old manor-house grounds where Queen Elizabeth I played as a child. The house,

once called Carlton House, is now the home of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. James Allason, who have two sons, Julian and Rupert. Above: Mrs. Allason with Rupert in the lime-and-old-rose drawing-room, which is upstairs. The drawing of Mrs. Allason is by Augustus John. One of the miniatures is of Countess de Grammont, a 17th-century ancestress



A riverside home in Chelsea



THE ENTRANCE to the house is through a gate in wrought-iron railings (below left), considered to be among the three best examples of Chelsea ironwork. The hall and staircase (below centre) are of the original pine panelling. The dining-room (below right) contains some more of this panelling, and there are powder-blue curtains and pelmets.

The gold candelabra and matching gold cutlery on the table were presented to Col. Allason's family by Princess Augusta, daughter of George III. Another heirloom in the room is a painting by Lawrence (above right) of Col. Allason's great-grandfather, Thomas Allason, as a child. Col. Allason is the son of General W. Allason



A Scots bride weds in London



Major Peter Wyndham Loyd (right) and his bride, Miss Sally Elizabeth Jane Inglis, after their wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride's uncle Sir George Nairn (left) proposed the couple's health at the Londonderry House reception

The wedding attendants relax. Michael Hancock (sitting), Caroline Loyd, the bridegroom's niece, and his god-daughter Tessa Straker-Smith, David Baxendale and Dermot Chichester (right). The uniforms are Coldstream Guards replicas

A. V. Swaebc



Lady Elmhirst, wife of Air Marshal Sir Thomas Elmhirst, Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, with her son Mr. Roger Elmhirst



Mrs. Robert Wheatley, Lady Elizabeth Baxendale, younger daughter of Earl and Countess Fortescue, and Major R. M. Chapman

The Hon. Mrs. W. L. B. Loyd (centre), mother of the bridegroom, with the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. John Inglis. Mrs. Loyd is the daughter of the 2nd Lord Brabourne





The Hon. Mrs. Francis Newall, whose husband is son of Lord Newall



Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, sister of the Earl of Westmorland



Miss Angeline Gausson, fiancée of Capt. M. Milner, Welsh Guards



The Hon. Mrs. Eykyn, who is the daughter of the late Lord Vestey



Mrs. Arthur Gemmell, who is a keen follower of the Quorn Hunt

Mr. M. Holland-Hibbert (left) formerly Welsh Guards, his wife, who was the Hon. Sheila Portman, daughter of the 5th Viscount Portman, and his father the Hon. Wilfred Holland-Hibbert, brother of Viscount Knutsford



Lady Lily-Serena Lumley, youngest daughter of the Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, who farms in Gloucestershire, the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, younger brother of Lord Fairfax of Cameron and Mrs. Charles Smith-Bingham





THE
TATLER

At the Cheltenham meeting



Over the sticks (left) in the Champion Hurdle race, with outsider Bandalore (No. 2) leading from Tokoroa. Other horses are Skate (No. 12), Flame Royal (No. 5) and Retour de Flamme

Kerstin, winner of the Gold Cup, taking the last fence with S. Hayhurst up (below). The meeting, which began in bitter weather, was held up when snowstorms swept the course on the second day. On the third day there was sunshine for the Gold Cup

Mr. H. Gingell, Master
and huntsman of the
Cambridge Harriers



Mrs. D. R. Brand, whose
Quita Que won the
Cathcart Challenge Cup

Mrs. G. Dennis was
down from Cheshire
with her husband



Miss Rachel Davenport and Major and Mrs. R. G. D. Dallas. Major Dallas is honorary
secretary of the Beauford Hunt. He was formerly in the 9th Lancers and was a
prominent show jumper when in the Army



THEATRE

Ibsen the master-flayer

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

OUR serious dramatists are impressively strenuous and ambitious. They do not, all the same, seem able to make—perhaps they do not give themselves time to make—plays that ring as true as those which old man Ibsen turned out once every two years. When that powerful mind had done brooding over his drama all the knots were tight, and they have not worked loose since.

It so happens that the big scene in *Little Eyolf* at the Hammersmith Lyric has a counterpart in Mr. Tennessee Williams's *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, and the difference between them is the difference between fine dramatic art and workaday drama. American father and son set out to flay each other alive. They make so much noise about it, they are so clumsy in their violence, that we are constantly noticing bits of skin that, unaccountably, have been left sticking. Norwegian husband and wife in *Little Eyolf* go about the same flaying business. They are very quiet, they make hardly any show of violence, but the deadly precision with

which they work leaves their intertwined egoisms in flitters. The mind of the dramatist in this big scene is diamond sharp, diamond bright, and each sharp new twist exposes another facet to the light. In this spectacle the modern playgoer will find a rare and curious pleasure well worth going to Hammersmith to pick up, even though neither the acting nor the production is all it ought to be.

The marriage with the hollow centre has an outward resemblance to one of those which follow the last chapter of a conventionally romantic novel. A poor schoolmaster has won the love of a beautiful and rich woman, and on the revenue from her "gold and green forests" they have set out to live happily ever after on love and nothing but love for each other. But the time has come when love begins to pall on Allmers. He has tried to break away into a mountain holiday. But Rita will neither share him with anyone else nor be shared. He must be wholly and exclusively hers; and she must be wholly and exclusively his. And gradually it appears that this rapacious woman is jealous of everybody and of everything that comes between her and her husband—of the book he is pretending to write on Human Responsibility, of the half-sister whose devotion means more to him than he knows, and even of their son who has been crippled in childhood as the result of their joint negligence.

The exposition of this situation shows Ibsen at his most masterly. All its aspects are provided with symbols and all the symbols are susceptible to matter-of-fact interpretation. There is nothing improbable in the Rat Wife ("Is there anything gnawing in this house?") who so fascinates the imagination of Little Eyolf that he follows her down to the sea and, watching her row away, turns dizzy, falls in and is drowned. And it is the drowning that opens the parents' eyes to the depth of the egoism which has created and conditioned their child's life; and when they have finished with each other they know that Eyolf never existed at all for his own



The Rat Wife, symbol of death, is played by Selma Vaz Dias

sake, but only for the sake of their passions and vanities.

It is customary to regard the third act as falling away from the level of the other two, but Ibsen, for once, was out to describe a conversion. The characters are not drawn to heroic scale and after their show-down husband and wife have been brought to the point where, if they had the courage, they would kill themselves. Since they dare not do this they can only make the best of a bad job and, psychologically, it is most likely that they would take refuge in humanitarianism. The dramatist sees to it that they make the inevitable choice the hard way. There is not a line that could be called sentimental in the whole play.

It is such a strong play that it seems to force itself through some very weak acting. There is nothing quite so satisfactory as the Rat Wife of Miss Selma Vaz Dias. She presents calmly and factually a slightly crazy old woman who might well exercise an uncanny fascination on the mind of a child and is at the same time easy for us to accept as the symbol of Death luring into the still, soft darkness a living thing that life has seemed not to want, has neglected, maimed and stunted. But Mr. Robert Eddison and Miss Heather Chasen do not succeed in establishing relations between the husband and wife. They are both inclined to declaim what needs only to be stated, as though they regretted that Allmers and Rita were not given heroic stature. Mr. Eddison is happier in his pregnant exchanges with his half-sister, played very well by Miss Barbara Clegg as the girl who, on learning that she is not after all related to her beloved half-brother, takes flight from him—and from herself.



LITTLE EYOLF (Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith). Although Ibsen was a Victorian dramatist, his works retain today a tremendous punch. Anthony Cookman in his notice compares him with Tennessee Williams. Alfred Allmers (Robert Eddison, extreme left, marries Rita (Heather Chasen, centre), a rich and beautiful woman. Soon his affection for her palls. He tries to break away, but Rita is rapacious and acquisitive to a degree. She will neither release him nor share him, and soon their nerves are at breaking point. Barbara Clegg (second right), is the half-sister who adores him and Michael David is Borgheim, the road engineer. Drawings by Glan Williams



Mr. Fry's angels

LOOKING like sisters, Claire Bloom and Vivien Leigh are shown in their roles from Christopher Fry's translation of the Giraudoux play *Duel Of Angels*. The play opened at Newcastle-on-Tyne and is coming to London. The plot is based on the Lucrece legend and the original English title was *Vice With Virtue*. These characteristics are portrayed respectively by Miss Leigh and Miss Bloom

She stars with Gable

Words, not music, are Doris Day's preoccupation in *Teacher's Pet*, to be seen next month. She teaches journalism, and plays opposite Clark Gable, in what is said to be his first comedy since *It Happened One Night*



CINEMA

A Presley in a coffee bar

by ELSPETH GRANT

THE noise that goes on in Espresso bars keeps me out of them, so I can't say whether or not the one around which *The Golden Disc* revolves is typical. It caters exclusively for 'teen-agers and looks like a very good place for adults to stay away from in their thousands. It sells gramophone records as well as coffee, and a juke-box in the corner ceaselessly grinds out the sort of music preferred by the young—trite, tuneless stuff with a steady beat to set the rubber-soled shoes a-tapping and the pony-tails a-wagging.

The customers do not talk as they finger the small glass cups on the counter before them: they just listen—gazing vacantly into space. The so-called music is not only a substitute for conversation—it's a substitute for thought, too. I find these idle, addled adolescents distinctly depressing—a dopey, drifting lot for whom one sees no future. But there! Perhaps this naive little film has unintentionally misrepresented them: I can't say that any of it bears much relation to reality.

Mr. Lee Patterson, a fashionably angry-looking young man, and Miss Mary Steele, a resolutely sweet young woman, are not doing very well in show business. Miss Steele's aunt, Miss Linda Gray, owns a small cafe—and it's not doing very well, either. The three get together and, with the help of an unemployed theatre call-boy, Mr. Terry Dene, convert the place into a flourishing coffee bar with a 'teen-age clientele, as described above.

The day the juke-box breaks down gives Mr. Dene his chance: twanging his all-electric guitar, he soothes the customers (to whom silence is anathema) with a song. They love it. Mr. Patterson and Miss Steele, recognizing Mr. Dene's possibilities, make a recording of his voice—and almost before you can say "Jailhouse Rock," they have built up a recording business of their own with a string of stars as long as your arm headed by Mr. Dene, whose first disc naturally sells by the million straight off.

Among the artists they sponsor are, in case you're interested, "Sonny Stewart and His Skiffle Kings," "The Phil Seaman Jazz Group," and a square-built young person with a completely dead pan and the delightful name of Miss Nancy Whiskey who very nearly deserves the applause accorded her. Mr. Terry Dene, though clearly modelling himself on Mr. Elvis Presley, seems a modest and likeable young man: one wishes things had gone as swimmingly for him in real life as they do in the picture.

Male colleagues assured me after the press showing of *The Gift Of Love* that this is a woman's picture. It is not this woman's. Miss Lauren Bacall, whom I admire, appears as the devoted wife of Mr. Robert Stack—a scientist or physicist or something: anyway, he's so preoccupied with his work that he rarely knows what time, day, season or year it is, which makes it necessary for Miss Bacall to look after him like a mother.

She has done so for five happy years when she

suddenly discovers that she has what is described as "a heart thing" and is liable to die at any moment. She cannot, of course, tell Mr. Stack about this: it would be too distressing for him because, when he's not wrestling with his interminable equations, he really adores his wife.

Miss Bacall hits upon the idea of adopting a child and manages to persuade her husband that this would be a good thing. A blonde moppet of eight, played with staggering aplomb by little Miss Evelyn Rudie, is introduced into the household from an orphanage. Miss Rudie has had considerable experience of being adopted: three times, childless couples have thought they would like her but, after the usual trial period, have returned her to the institution. "I just don't work out," she tells Miss Bacall candidly. Miss Bacall smiles confidently: the scriptwriter will see to it that Miss Rudie does work out, for once.

Under Miss Bacall's guidance, the little girl soon comes to regard Mr. Stack as utterly helpless: she pours his coffee, wipes jam from his cheek and generally proves herself a dab hand at mothering him. With such a tiny treasure in the house, Miss Bacall can die happy. You can't persuade me that any eight-year-old, however precocious, can satisfactorily replace a wife—and, for the most credible five minutes of the film, you can't persuade Mr. Stack, either. "Just be a little girl," is all he asks of Miss Rudie when, wearing a miniature replica of Miss Bacall's housecoat, she serves him breakfast in bed, just as Miss Bacall used to do.

Miss Rudie, concluding again (and not, I would say, without reason) that nobody loves her, takes herself back to the orphanage. Miss Bacall, telepathic from beyond the grave, tips Mr. Stack off that he ought to be worrying about the child. He worries, telephones the orphanage, learns that she is missing and arrives in the area in the nick of time to save her from drowning. Clutching the dripping mite to his bosom, Mr. Stack resignedly takes her home to boss and cosset him for the rest of his days. Miss Bacall registers ghostly gratification as she melts into the scenery.

The film is an impudent conspiracy on the part of the director, Mr. Jean Negulesco, and that awful, knowing infant prodigy to make you cry your eyes out. My lachrymal glands obstinately refused to function. Little Miss Rudie is obviously better equipped to cope with life than I am—so why should I weep over her?

Messrs. Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac, who led us by the nose up the garden path to show us something nasty in the bathroom in *The Fiends*, are the authors of *The She-Wolves*—another rather horrid piece designed at first to mystify and finally to shock. It is considerably more plausible than its predecessor—and mercifully less gruesome.

M. Francois Perier, an escaped prisoner of war, finds it expedient (because he is wanted for murder) to assume the identity of a dead comrade. This lands him in the tender clutches of Mlle. Micheline Presle, a young woman who had carried on a pen friendship with the deceased, whom she had never seen. Mlle. Presle is delighted with him and M. Perier, having nothing better to do, is prepared to marry her. But she has a sinister, psychic sister, Mlle. Jeanne Moreau, who suspects he is an imposter—and the dead man had a sister, too, who knows he is. These potential trouble-makers have to be eliminated before M. Perier and Mlle. Presle can get around to marrying and murdering one another. It is all most ingeniously contrived and everybody in it is perfectly beastly.



Lenare

Miss Julia Runge, only daughter of Mr. Peter and the Hon. Mrs. Runge, of Finings, Lane End, Buckinghamshire, is engaged to Mr. Michael D'Arcy Stephens, son of the late Lt. D'Arcy Melville Stephens, R.N.V.R., and of the Hon. Mrs. D'Arcy Stephens, of Grove Court, St. John's Wood



Miss Mary Elise Byers, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. M. Byers of Clonsilla House, Co. Dublin, has recently become engaged to Mr. Denys Barry Domville, only son of the late Mr. C. B. Domville and the Hon. Mrs. H. C. Alexander, of Loughlinstown House, Co. Dublin



enare

Miss Jill Osborne, elder daughter of Mr. Cyril Osborne, M.P., and Mrs. Osborne, of Kinchley House, Rothley, near Leicester, is engaged to Mr. Gerald Henry Taylor, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor, of Humberston Ave., Grimsby, Lincs



Harlip

Miss Penelope Jane Monckton Jackson, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. R. S. Jackson, of Pruett's Hill, Liss, Hampshire, is engaged to Mr. William David Mansfield Lutyens, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lutyens, of Starkes Heath, Sussex



Miss Anne F. M. Mackinnon, younger daughter of the late Major A. L. Mackinnon, and of Mrs. Mackinnon, of Cruachan, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, is engaged to Major Michael Leslie Dunbar, only son of the late Col. L. Dunbar and of Mrs. Dunbar



Lenare

Miss Margaret Jill Stedeford, second daughter of Sir Ivan and Lady Stedeford, of Claverdon Hall, Claverdon, Warwickshire, is engaged to Mr. Timothy Lancelot Fanshawe Royle, son of Sir Lancelot and Lady Royle, of Prince Albert Road, Regent's Park



Desmond Groves

Miss Joyce Helena Scholes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Scholes, of Redroofs, Tytherington, Macclesfield, has announced her engagement to Mr. William Frederick Wooldridge, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wooldridge, of Wardle House, Wistaston, Cheshire

They are engaged

Miss Elizabeth Mary Peto, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Christopher Peto, of Lockeridge House, near Marlborough, Wiltshire, is engaged to Mr. Ronald Philip Murphy, younger son of Mr. Norbet Murphy, and the late Mrs. Murphy, of Lauriston, Glanmire, Co. Cork, Eire

Bassano





Simone Martini, who painted this fresco in the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena in 1328-29, is one of the masters represented in *Sieneſe Painting* (George Rainbird, £8 8s.). Of the 137 illustrations, 62 are in colour, and the text is by Professor Enzo Carli

BOOK REVIEWS

A psychic autobiography

by ELIZABETH BOWEN

NOT easy to classify is *Look Towards The Sea* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21s.), an extraordinary book. Frank Baines, its author, says it can go into the shelf with "autobiography"—actually, it's not so simple as that. For here is someone *seeing*, rather than telling, his own life-story up to the age of 20—when, instead of going to Oxford, he took off as an indented apprentice on an ocean-going sailing vessel, owned by a Finnish company. We finish, in 1933, with a crashing tempest. But the foregoing happenings have been on land: Cornwall, London.

What makes the book extraordinary (I used the word advisedly) is that it reads as being the work of someone with an extra sense, or an extra eye in his head. Mr. Baines seems more than hyper-imaginative; he could be psychic. He relates unaccountable experiences in the calmest manner, splicing these in between concrete accounts of aunts and uncles, tables and chairs, dinner and tea. For a small boy geared in this particular way, Cornwall, with its own inherent strangeness, either was or was not the ideal playground. Rocks in fields became invested, to the child's vision, with combatant personalities. "There was a perpetual and barely concealed warfare going on between these rocks and the contemptible crops at their feet, and my sympathies were on the side of the rocks."

There were also the Mysterious People. "They inhabited very, very lonely places half in and

half out of the earth. . . . The Cornish were afraid of the Mysterious People, as was obvious from the way their houses huddled down into hollows, like frightened sheep. . . ." However, do not get the impression that *Look Towards The Sea* is a fey chronicle: the Cornish chapters are rich, also, in genial, satirical social portraiture: we meet the squire, the parson and the doctor who, unchallenged, ruled "England's most southerly parish." We have also the country house angle, for Mr. Baines's father, Sir Frank, tired of farmhouse lodgings, bought run-down Trenoweth and rebuilt it *en prince*.

"We were," confesses the son, "enormously rich." Trenoweth, with its acreage of new roofing, terraced gardens and outsize sumptuous rooms, was a sensation locally—can one wonder? Relations with neighbours, however, were somewhat sticky.

And, in view of this Cornish glory, the Baines's London home life shows a surprising contrast. "There was," says our author, "an obverse side"—this being a faded, middle-class flat in Clapham: the parents' home in their hard-up young married days, adhered to after their rise in fortune. I'm not sure, taking them all-in-all, that the London chapters of *Look Towards The Sea* are not more bizarre than the Cornish ones. There's a touch of miracle, also, about the writing.

A first novel by Jean Ariss is *The Quick Years* (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.). This has impacted

hard on its native country, America, and I shall be surprised if it goes by in Britain without notice.

The scene is a primitive Californian valley; the hero and heroine are grandparents—but, be it said, of an unusual kind. The narrator, their granddaughter, opens the story with some puzzling statistics: "My grandparents had been married 27 years when I was nine, and five of their sons were younger than I." The fact was, grandmother Sarah, a minister's daughter, had been seduced at the age of 14 by Joseph Baer—a writer from Chicago who had moved out West and taken to farming. Elopement and a hasty marriage had followed (Joseph already had a wife, somewhere else, but forbore to state this) and Sarah gave birth to twins on her birthday. The girl twin (who, in turn, married at 17) became the mother of our narrator, Sheila. Meanwhile the ageing Baers, in their aged farmhouse, continue an uninterrupted career of passion (to the scandal of their juniors), high-spirited quarrelling, and fecundity.

Innumerable and comely are their offspring—yet insatiable, magnetic Joseph and Sarah steal away the hearts of their children's children. Sheila, reared at the farm, dreads to have to return to her own parents. As playfellows she has five little-boy uncles; as idols, a bevy of dashing aunts. Above all looms the father-figure of Joseph, biblical in his bearded manhood, yet at the same time petulant, temperamental. Miss Ariss has created a major character. Her tale is lightened by comedy—for the shocking courtship (if one may so call it) of long-ago Joseph and Sarah is interleaved with this later picture of them in mature virtue. "Grandmother," for more than half of this novel, is a tomboy 14-year-old. Nor was Juliet bolder!

The to-and-fro in time may bother you, if you do not read closely. *The Quick Years*, I promise, will reward your attention: it is a copious, bold, original novel, brimming with pleasure in people and faith in life.

[continued on page 654]



MAHOOD



Michel Molinare

An international fashion collection

SHOPPING FOR FASHION is more rewarding now than ever before. The competition is fiercer, the range is wider, and the challenge from the Continent is more varied. In these pages are shown some of the new clothes that are now available in the London stores.

The evening dress above is by Proyetti of Milan. It is in green, printed ninon, mounted on a stiffened bell skirt, and is being shown this week by Debenham & Freebody in their International Fashion Collection (March 24-27). Copied in their own workrooms, it will cost 58½ gns.



Opposite: Lanvin's redingote of navy box-cloth, cut on this season's clear geometrical lines, gains a white-for-contrast effect from huge pearl buttons. Also available in honeysuckle. Made to order, the coat will cost approximately 50 gns. at Debenham & Freebody, and along with the other models on this page can be seen in their International Collection

Chalk white for contrast



Above: Black contrasted with white in a two-piece designed by Madeleine de Rauch. The dress, in black and white silk, costs 32½ gns. The white wool coat, which has a lining of the same silk, is 38 gns. From Debenham's Gainsborough Room. The black straw hat is from their model-millinery department

Left: A white pique bodice provides contrast to Jean Desses' dress of navy blue wool, which has a bolero top, cut with a clever cross-over movement. The dress will be made to measure to customers' requirements and will cost about 41½ gns. The hat comes from Debenham's model-millinery department



New twists
on an old



Alexander

Cautiously, conservatively, most of the English couture houses noted for the excellence of their tailoring have, this season, virtually ignored the dramatic changes that fashion is undergoing on the Continent. But not John Cavanagh. So long an associate of the great Molyneux, he is in sympathy with the freedom of line and the feeling for colour that have swept the Continent. He chooses (*centre*) a basket-weave tweed (cloth by Garigue) in a brilliant coral pink for his top coat, buttoned and bowed and with a fly fastening. Under it is worn (*right*) his dress of white shantung with bloused back. A half-belt and a single button are the only trimming

tailoring tradition

Hardy Amies seems never really happy to see a lady break away from the reticent blacks, navys and niggers that he loves. This season, however, he allows himself the luxury of string and honey tones for the spring. He also shortens his skirts and loosens his waistlines, but otherwise retains his own individual handwriting. *Left*: His perpendicular, uncluttered virtually untrimmed line for a three-piece of honey tweed (by Petillanet of Paris). Both the coat and suit jacket are collarless. The coat has a pleat on either side from armhole to hip, where it forms a pocket



Brien Kirley

For Casablanca, the Caribbean,

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



Capri . . .

For any place in the sun, gay beachwear, designed with a dash of sophistication and today's Continental look, is not only right, but a practical necessity. Under Southern skies no colour can look too bright. So when you are making your choice under a grey London sky forget the pastels and go for the positives. Remember that against a background of hibiscus and palm trees a little extravaganza is entirely appropriate. *Right:* A shirt and pants that are all in one piece, the back of the shirt cut in one with the pants to give the impression of a two-piece in front. Ideal for slipping over a swimsuit. Price £9 19s. 6d. The yellow straw hat. 21s.

Left: Lollipops in brilliant colours pattern the Italian cotton shirt worn with white sailcloth jeans or, as can be seen in the smaller picture, with shorts in the same design. The shirt costs £5 5s., the shorts £2 2s., the jeans £2 19s. 6d. All from Lillywhites, Piccadilly, London





Pied de Poule— it's all the rage

Houndstooth, dogs-tooth, puppy-tooth, call it what you will. As a dog-loving race we may prefer canine epithets to the French, who call their checks chicken's foot and cock's foot. But whether the label is farmyard or kennel, those checks are all over the place at the moment. Wetherall's dress of white Tiecil is patterned with navy dogs-tooth and has a beret to match. The dress costs £11 0s. 6d., the beret £2 12s. 6d. Teamed with them is a coat of navy Baalamb costing 30 gns. At Wetheralls, Regent Street, London, and most branches

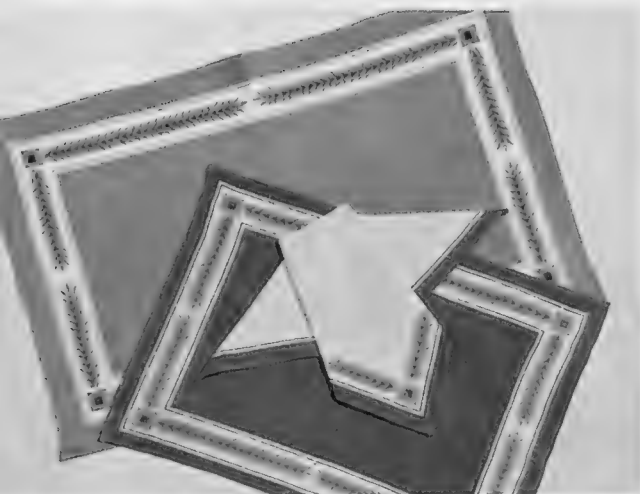
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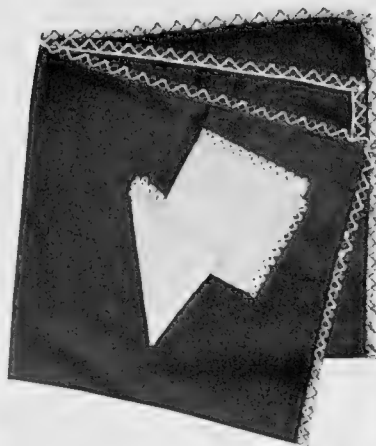
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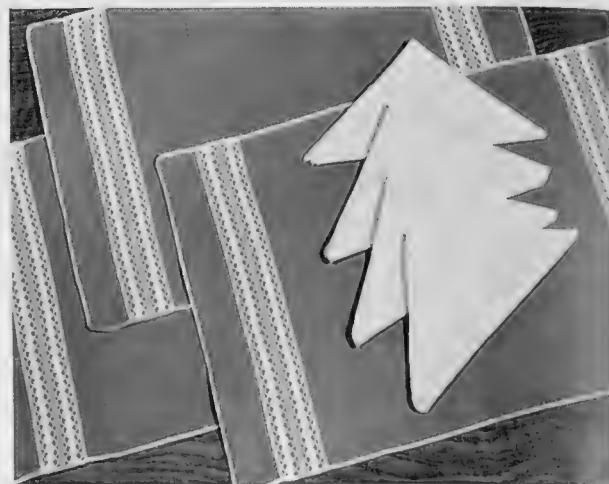
Bond Street, Knightsbridge and Branches



New designs in Irish linen were among the outstanding attractions at the Household Textiles & Soft Furnishing Fair. Some examples are shown on this page. Left: Trolley set in "Wheatsheaf" design (approx. 15s. 11d.),



with place-mats and napkins (£1 3s. 11d. set); from leading stores. Centre: black tablecloth with beige crochet edge, and napkins in yellow (29s. 11d. set). Marshall & Snelgrove (Leeds). Place-mats (right) & napkins (25s.). Harrods



SHOPPING

Lively linen for the table

by JEAN STEELE

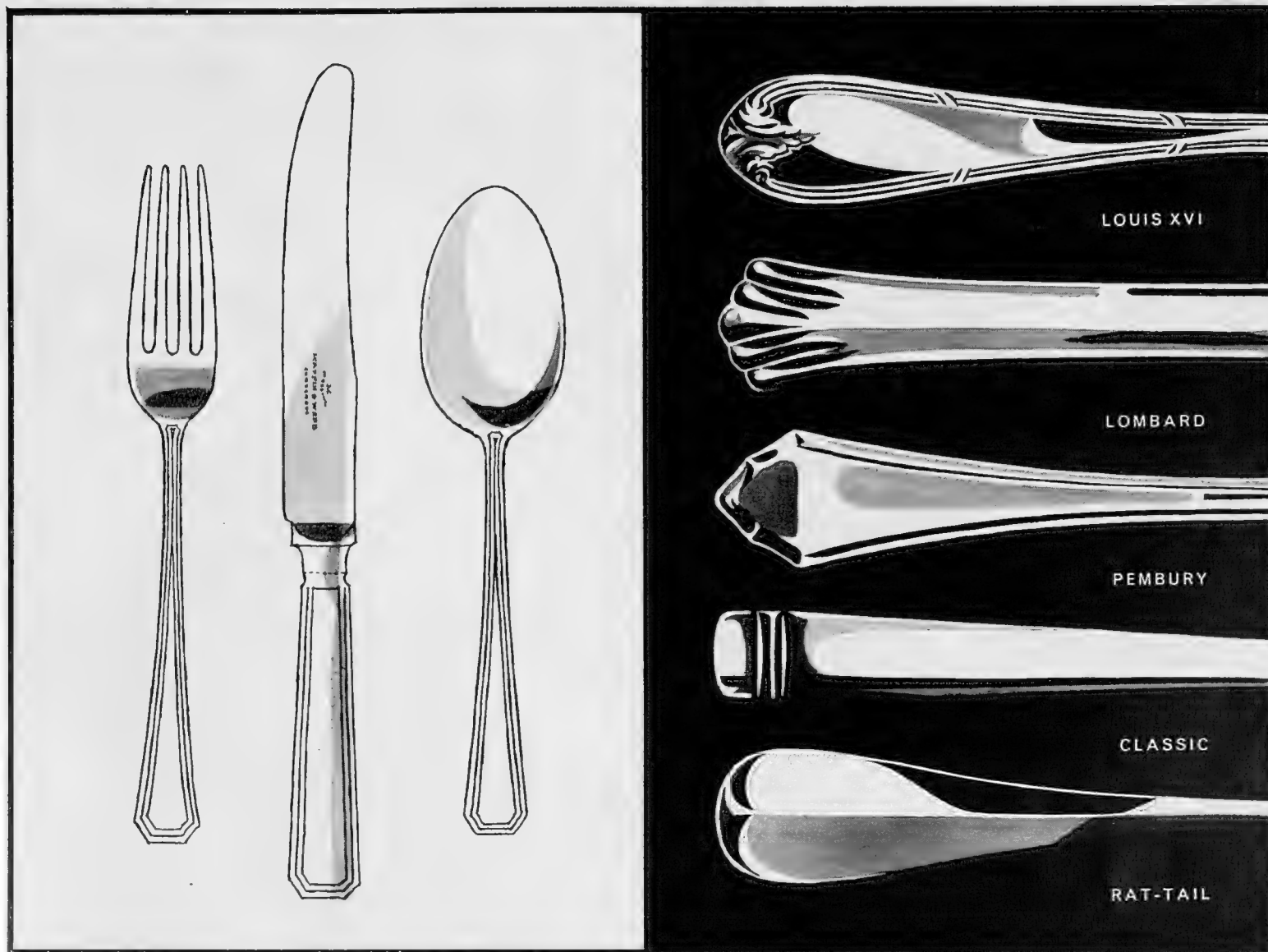


Above: "Salad Days," a gay and springlike printed place-mat set. In five colours, charcoal, turquoise, pink, green or red (approx. 23s. 11d.). Most leading stores



A pattern of Greek dancing girls decorates this tablecloth (left). In three colour combinations, slate blue and terra cotta, yellow and terracotta, or charcoal grey and pink, with four napkins (approx. 32s. 6d.). Debenham & Freebody. The "Garden Calendar" Irish linen tea towel (right), which illustrates garden tasks round the year, can be had in background colours of red, gold, turquoise or green (4s. 11d.). Leading stores





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A hair style by Evansky to greet the spring. It is designed to match modern dress lines and the fashionable pointed shoes



Above: A polythene hand is the container for the new Linc-o-Lin hand cream. Below: Chanel's interchangeable lipstick holder has refills, including the new "Rose Vif" shade, which simply click into the holder



BEAUTY

Novelties in cosmetics

by JEAN CLELAND

AMONG various new items this week, the first brushless mascara stands out as something quite different. Made by Helena Rubinstein, who has christened it "Mascaramatic," it looks like a slim golden pen, an impression strengthened when you unscrew the top, revealing its slender, threaded tip. The difference is that this is loaded not with ink, but with Helena Rubinstein's waterproof mascara. All you have to do is to twirl the tip round against your lashes and, as you do so, they become darkened and coloured with whichever of the three shades you care to choose—black, brown or blue. The little "pen" can be carried around in your bag. So too can the Rubinstein eye shadow stick which, brought out a little while ago, provides another easy way of enhancing the beauty of the eyes.

The new Linc-o-Lin hand cream promises to be popular with those who have a liking for novelties. The makers dreamed up something quite out of the ordinary for its container. This is made in polythene, in the form of a hand with a bracelet round the wrist. Instead of standing up, it lies flat on the bathroom shelf, or on the dressing table, so there is no fear of knocking it over, even accidentally.

The cream has ingredients that make it very healing for hands that tend to roughness in the cold weather. It also contains a wax extract that creates a slight film as a protection against dust and dirt, thus giving a double action, which is very useful.

Two well-known firms have almost simultaneously brought out new shampoos. One, by Richard Hudnut, is a concentrated formula with egg, which is known to be beneficial to hair beauty. The other by Nivea contains eucerite, a special ingredient for replacing the natural oils of the scalp. These new products, both of which come in convenient little sachets, should

be welcome to those who live at a distance from towns, and to youngsters who, in between visits to the hairdressers, save money by washing their hair at home.

With spring just around the corner, and the new "young" look rapidly providing a challenge to all older women, we have reason to be grateful to Coty, who, just at the psychological moment, have brought out a new shade of their cream powder, called "New Dawn." Even the name gives one new hope, and in actual fact, with its underlying rose tint, it is very flattering. Coty says "there is no yellow in it—not a *soupeçon*—and it cannot possibly streak, no matter how the temperature varies." There is no doubt that the soft and very subtle rose tint does give new life to the face.

World famous for their lovely scents, Chanel are manufacturing a new lipstick which seems to have all the virtues. It has been specially formulated, so the makers tell me, to make it "longer lasting and non-smearing without creating any dryness, and is satin smooth in texture."

Since receiving this news, I have tried out the new lipstick, and I can say that I find it delightful. The shade I tried was "Rose Vif," but when the lipstick comes on to the market shortly it will be in 12 shades. So however difficult your colouring, there should be plenty of choice.

Picot tells me that their famous "No. 5" scent has been re-christened "Fiesta." So if you ask for "No. 5," and are told that it no longer exists, do not be dismayed. It is still there. The scent is just the same; only the name has been changed.

It is a good name, and just describes the gay, sophisticated fragrance that comes from the jasmine flowers of the Riviera.

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MOTORING

The car shows are booming

by OLIVER STEWART

MOTORING interest seems to be widening in Holland. A record number of 265,670 people visited the Amsterdam motor show, the 39th. No doubt there was a special stimulus in the fact that the first Dutch car for 30 years was being introduced; but that alone would not have accounted for an improvement in the attendance figures amounting to 33 per cent.

The 28th Geneva Show, which followed, made a promising start. Here the exhibit of racing cars attracted special notice. It was representative of 50 years' development. The total number of exhibitors at Geneva had risen from 815 last year to about 1,000 this year.

If I have an opportunity I will refer more fully to the individual exhibits in another article; here I must content myself with a brief note on the Ford stand. The cars shown were the Anglia, the Prefect, the Consul, the Zephyr and the Zodiac and there was an Escort estate car. The exhibitors were Ford of Antwerp, who have extended the sales and service organization for the British Ford in Switzerland.

By the time these notes appear we shall begin to have a better idea of the line-up for the main Formula race meetings during the year. As I write it is most difficult to obtain any official statement about exactly what Ferrari intend to

do. But both Vanwall and B.R.M. seem to be happy about their programmes and we have to take into account the most interesting Cooper-Climax, now well in the foreground of the picture.

Goodwood seems likely to add still further to its popularity this year, for the latest improvements make it the almost perfect place to go for a really pleasant afternoon's racing. In fact I would say that the circuit there is now every bit as attractive as Brooklands used to be in its heyday. Up to now I do not feel that sufficient use has been made of the facilities the circuit has for people coming by air. The two landing strips ought to draw aeroplane owners and flying club members because Goodwood gives them a sensible objective for a cross country flight and they then have the best of both worlds, aerial and terrestrial.

One of the moments when I wish to extend my vituperative vocabulary is when I contemplate the means which are provided for measuring the level of the oil in the engine sump. A few cars have the means of checking the oil level from an indicator on the instrument panel; but most need the bonnet opened. Then the wretched measurer must grope amidst the assorted machinery for a dip stick. Next comes



Following Holland's first car, which was announced recently, comes the Danilo, first car entirely designed and built in Denmark. It has a one-cylinder, 12 h.p. engine and a glass fibre body. Top speed is 65 m.p.h. At the wheel, Mr. Jens Nielsen, who designed the car

the prehistoric rite of withdrawing the stick, wiping it on a rag—and if you haven't a rag handy you can always use your handkerchief (so the makers seem to think)—replacing it, withdrawing it again, noting where the oil level is and again replacing the stick.

I have inveighed repeatedly against this method of measuring the oil level. It makes one neglect the injunction found in most instruction books, to check the oil level *every day*. So I extend a welcome to the Autolevel dipstick. The Kelter Trading Company, responsible for this device, tell me that it is a British invention. It is not an electric measurer but consists of a tubular dipstick replacement, with a sensing valve, and a pressure responsive actuator. The driver pulls out a knob on the dash and, if it goes back upon being released, there is enough oil. If it stays out, oil must be added. This device costs 23s. 6d.

Motorists could be guardians of the English countryside if they combined to that end. At this time of year they begin, once more, to pile up the mileage, to use their cars for touring as well as for transport. And they will find that the planners and the local authorities have some shocks in store for them. They will see almost everywhere the continuing process of uglification; tree felling, copse burning, bad buildings and bull-dozed beauty spots. The visual pleasures which motoring used to provide are being rapidly reduced.

Individual protests are made from time to time by courageous citizens, but they come to nothing.

The "Authority" is much too strong. The views of the local residents are swept aside. There are certain bodies which try to remind officialdom that people have eyes to see and that consideration should be given to what they see; but they, again, are hardly powerful enough to cut down the official cult of the crashingly ugly. If they were joined by the motoring organizations sufficient power might be theirs; but I suppose a formal tie-up would be impossible. Perhaps informal methods might be helpful. After all it is not much good having touring cars if there are no pleasant touring grounds left.



Cooper cars under construction at Surbiton. They include a Formula II model for British Racing Partnership, a new team formed by Stirling Moss's father and his racing manager, Mr. Alfred Moss and Mr. Ken Gregory

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COMING TO THE TATE.—Mr. F. E. McWilliam, the sculptor, with his plaster figure "Princess Macha of the Golden Hair." It will be cast in bronze and shown at the Tate Gallery before being sent to Northern Ireland for the new hospital being built at Londonderry

BOOK REVIEWS

continued from page 638

A book of four stories, *My Great-aunt Appearing Day* (Secker & Warburg, 13s. 6d.) is by John Prebble—memorable as the author of *The High Girl*, *The Edge Of Darkness*, &c. In the title-story, the great-aunt in question was a Red Indian, who, bride of an English major, returned to dwell with him in his Kentish birthplace and was finally laid to rest in the village churchyard. This chief's daughter, before she broke with her people, had been betrothed to Little Dog—the young brave who, with his comrade American Horse, hurled defiance into the face of the white man's arms. Equally dauntless, and doomed, is another redskin warrior, Almighty Voice, in the third of this volume's stories—which bears his name. "Westerns" in theme, these two pieces should rank as literature: tributes to a once-lordly, defeated race—"Red Indian stories," but at top level.

Mr. Prebble is British, but the great open spaces of North America seem to be in his soul, and he writes of pioneer dramas as though he has shared them. "The Regulator," set in the lawless days which followed America's civil war, deals with a father who plays the part of a coward to save his son, has the pain of reading contempt in the boy's eyes, then wins his honour back, in the teeth of death. . . . "Spanish Stirrup," longest and last, is the most exciting of all: here once more we have chagrin turned into triumph—a half-blind old Southern gentleman and his adopted son drive their herd of cattle northward, by a route never taken before, through the danger-infested Comanche country, out of the state of Texas into Kansas. Swept along with them goes the tragic young girl, Solace. Could there, I wonder, be finer story-telling than we find in this volume, *My Great-aunt Appearing Day*?

Adroit detective novel, plus local colour, is *See Rome And Die*, by Louisa Revell (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). Miss Julia Tyler, retired teacher of Latin, realizes what has been a lifelong dream by visiting the Eternal City. She'd envisaged a gentle, modest tourist existence, suitable to her years (she is 69) but finds herself, owing to a chance meeting, swept into the tortuous private lives of a group of bright-plumaged Roman aristocrats. So dizzying is the non-stop social existence, interspersed by sight-seeing dashes around the Forum, that three murders occurring along her path leave Miss Julia comparatively calm. And she's interested in murders, she must confess! This is a highly unlikely, though pleasing, story.

THE 1920s FASHION BALL.—Mrs. Alexander Taft, who was chairman of the 1920s Fashion Ball reported in *The Tatler* of 12 March, asks us to state that the ball was in aid of the London Union of Mixed & Girls Clubs, not the National Association.

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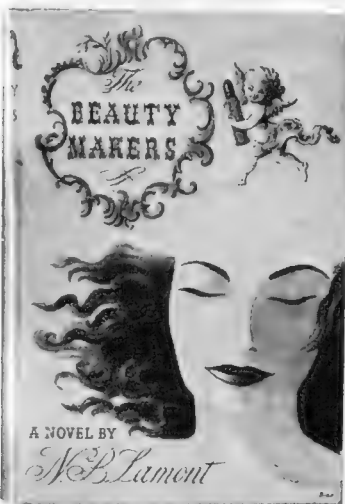
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DINING IN

Try putting it on ice

by HELEN BURKE

RECENTLY, at a refrigerator exhibition, where manufacturers of the leading eight makes showed their new "spring models," I was delighted to find that one company had stressed the practical rather than the exotic uses of domestic cold storage.

In many homes and flats today there is no real larder and the larger refrigerators have to do double duty. In such homes, it is likely that the light-hearted making of ice creams and other frozen sweets will be less important than the refrigerator's other uses.

Thanks to the refrigerator, many preparations can be made well in advance. I saw, for instance, bacon rolls on skewers, ready to be taken out and grilled to garnish roast chicken. Instead of the ice trays being filled with plain ice or frozen cubes of citrus fruit juice, one contained cubes of frozen stock. This struck me as being particularly far-sighted.

How often we want just a tablespoon or two of good stock for a dish—and it is hardly possible to make that little. That is one of the differences between the high-class restaurant or hotel kitchen and the high-class domestic one. In the former there is always stock on hand; in the latter, hardly ever.

Sometimes, however, there is stock to spare. That is the time to freeze the surplus and reserve it for a future occasion. I have often stored stock in a jar in the refrigerator, but it had to be boiled up every day or two because otherwise it would not keep. But the frozen stock, in the freezing compartment, will keep indefinitely. (I wish I had thought of that one!)



There has been a lot of research on keeping bread in a refrigerator. With one of those straight-across freezers in the larger models, it is possible to store such bulky packages as bread, wrapped closely in aluminium foil, for quite long periods.

But why?—one might say.

Well, if you are going away for a few days or, say, a weekend, it is very pleasing to know that, on your return, you will find really fresh bread awaiting you. It has been found that, even in the smaller models, sliced bread, intact in its wrapper, will keep for several days on a shelf.

There was also a fruit cake, not cooked but mixed and in its tin, covered in by aluminium foil, ready to go into the oven when required. That would be a boon for a businesswoman who would have time to mix the cake in the evening, but not the extra time to bake it. It could await the moment when she had the time to keep an eye on it.

I have found that it pays to make pastry, roll it out and line a flan ring on a baking tray with it, then store it in a transparent plastic bag in the refrigerator until, perhaps, next day, when more attention could be given to its baking. Most pastries benefit from a sojourn in a cold place.

All along, we have rubbed fat into flour for scones and short pastry and kept the "crumbs" in the refrigerator until wanted. But now we make the scones in the morning, keep them in the cabinet on their baking tray and bake them in the afternoon for tea—and anyone who has eaten scones or American baking-powder biscuits (which are not biscuits at all but round scones) freshly taken from the oven will never again serve them cold or reheated.

Try this: for four persons, buy a steak of halibut, 1½ to 2 inches thick. Pass it through seasoned flour. Well butter an entree dish. Scatter on the bottom 3 to 4 oz. of sliced white unopened mushrooms. Add a small dessertspoon of lemon juice and ¼ pint dry white wine. Season a little. Place the halibut on top. Put the dish in a plastic bag with little ventilating holes in it (I use potato bags!) and place in the refrigerator, overnight if you like. When wanted, take out and stand in a room to take the chill off the dish.

Add ¼ lb. double cream, cover and bake for 30 minutes at 350 to 375 deg. F., or gas mark 4 to 5. The sauce should not require thickening but should it not be as thick as you would like blend ½ teaspoon arrowroot in a dessertspoon of water and dot it about in the sauce. Gently stir and the heat should cook and thicken it at once. Sprinkle chopped parsley on the dish and serve.

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DINING OUT

Food without fuss

by I. BICKERSTAFF



HAVING talked about the Wine Fair which took place at the Town Hall, Chelsea, and which brought to mind the immense number of establishments in this district where one can lunch, wine and dine successfully, I think we might as well stay within reach of this area for a little longer.

Some people want no music, no wireless, no tape recorders and no television with their food; all they want is peace, comfort, first-class cuisine and conversation. In this case they could well propel themselves to the Hanstown Club, 1 Hans Street, off Sloane Street.

A comfortable and friendly bar on the ground floor is in the charge of Frank Clark, who has been at the Hanstown Club for 12 years and a member of the United Kingdom Bar Tenders' Guild for 18, so the mixing is first-class.

Next floor up is the restaurant where you can do yourself proud at a very reasonable price. I lunched there on *Omelette aux Champignons*, 4s. 6d., *Jambon Braise au Madere*, 6s. 6d.,

Pommes Puree, 2s.; two glasses of red wine at 2s. 6d. each, 5s.; cheese, 1s. 6d., and *Cafe Double*, 1s. 6d. It was a guinea well spent.

On the other hand, *maitre chef* Casentieri is always delighted if you want to order something special or indeed plan a whole meal with him. He is Swiss by birth, served his apprenticeship in France, and has also been at the Hanstown for 12 years. Being a master of his craft he welcomes an opportunity to enjoy himself beyond the confines of an ordinary if varied menu. One of his specialities, to which I am devoted, is *Le Buisson de Grenouilles Casentieri*, which are frogs' legs fried in butter, served on small artichoke bottoms and covered with a little rice, with a faint touch of garlic.

On the top floor there is a private suite which will hold up to 22 people for lunch or dinner, or up to 70 for a cocktail party, where you can create an atmosphere of being in your own home, and where Peter Lavarini, the head waiter, will see that all goes well. By a strange coincidence,

he, too, has been at the Hanstown for 12 years.

Their wine list is well chosen—as it should be—as they are wine merchants in their own right and have the Hanstown Cellars in Ellis Street, also off Sloane Street, from which they give daily deliveries in the London area with their own van.

Remember, it's a club and if you want to use it you must become a member.

The days of private wagers are rapidly dying out, when some gentleman from White's or Boodle's would bet another 1,000 guineas he could run from the club to Hyde Park Corner and back again faster than the other.

I was delighted therefore when I heard that Henry Farrer, who is a director of an old established City wine merchants, Brown, Gore & Welch, and a member of their organization, Michael Druitt, bet J. C. McLaughlin (of the firm of the same name) 25 guineas that the two of them could bottle and bin three hogsheads of wine in a normal working day.

Remember, every cask holds about 48 gallons which should produce about 24 dozen bottles, so they had to deal with some 72 dozen or 864 bottles. Each one has to be examined before filling and subsequently corked. They won their bet but with only 25 minutes to spare at the end of the day, and I hear were somewhat exhausted.

All went well in the morning but, as Michael Druitt explained, nobbling tactics were employed during the lunch hour, their opponents plying them with plenty of fine food and hard liquor, which reduced their tempo considerably during the afternoon.

Anyway they won the 25 guineas and gave it to the Wine Trade Benevolent Society.



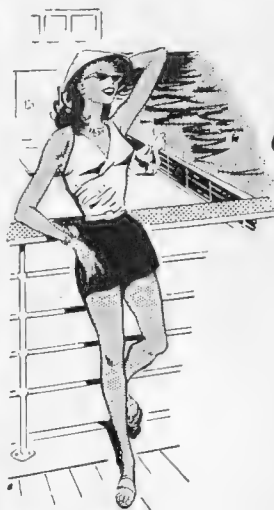
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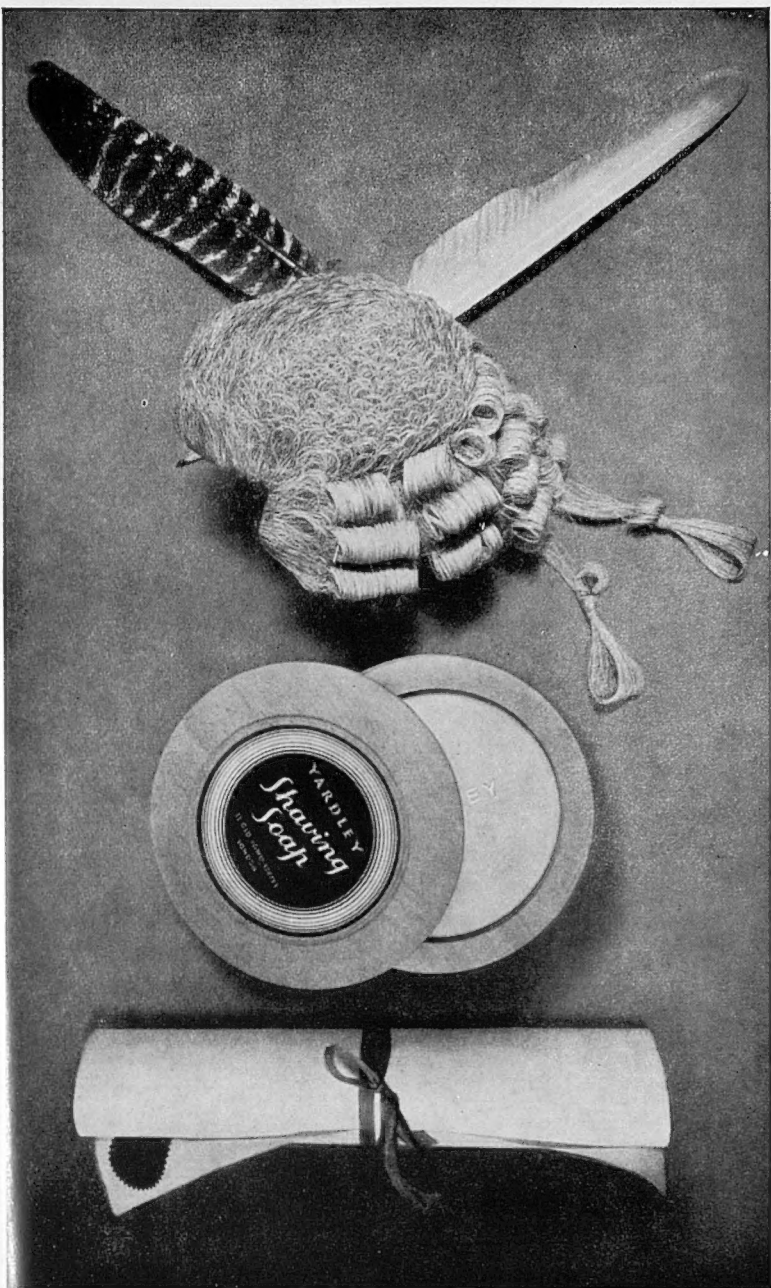


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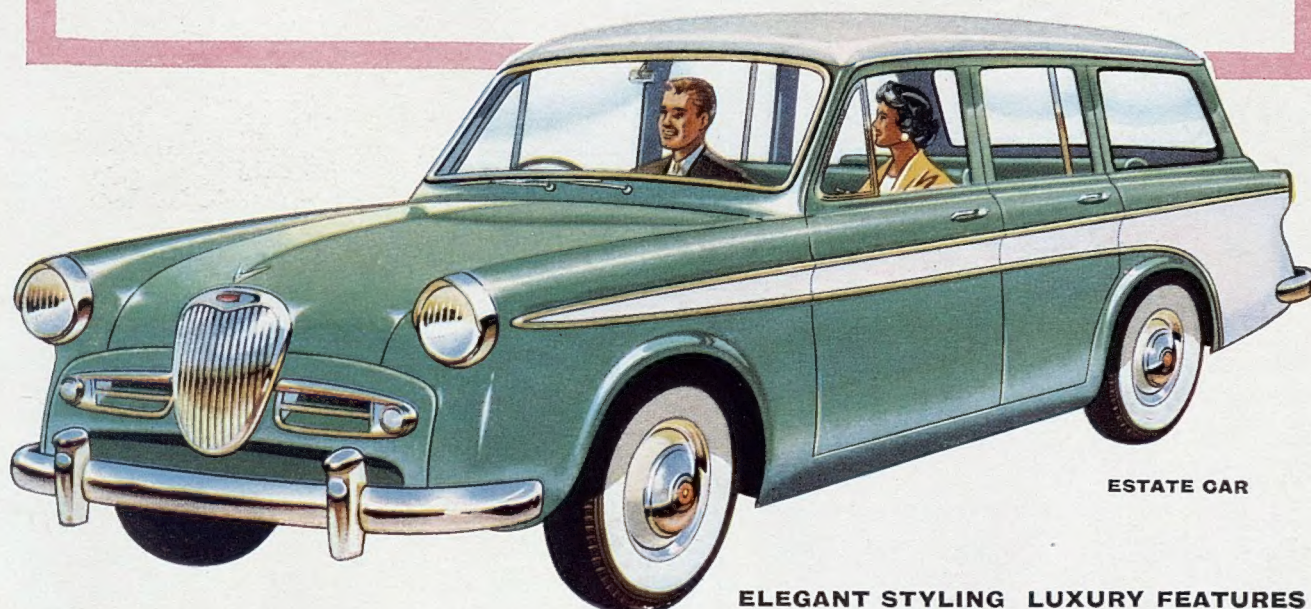
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